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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1932.



THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHS EVER TAKEN OF AIR FIGHTING IN THE WAR.—

No. 4. "GETTING ON TO HIS TAIL."

This photograph, like those in our issue of October 8 (Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of the series) and those on other pages in this issue, was taken by a British pilot while he was actually fighting the enemy in the air during the Great War. The following extract from his diary concerns this particular picture: "Tuesday. . . . Ran into

tangle of Spads and Albatrosses. We were right above the clouds and as soon as the Fritzies saw us they dived into clouds and were lost. Took a pot shot at one and missed, of course, but, to my surprise, when Jock developed the plate found I'd got something pretty good."

PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE COCKBURN-LANGE COLLECTION. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.) SEE ALSO "OUR NOTEBOOK" AND PAGES 602, 603, AND 605.



THE following extract from the British pilot's diary describes the photograph on the left. "Wednesday. Lost another to-day, Scotty, who tried so hard to do what he was told. Perhaps if we had watched over him more carefully he would still be here. Oh, well, all one can do is to forget and carry on. But it's hell, his first time over the lines. Caught rather unusual picture to-day. Here is shining example of what not to do when having a bit of a do with the Huns—*let him get on your tail!* Let us hope that the fledglings from C.F.S. will study this picture long and carefully in the next war and that their instructors will point out the lesson it contains. Wish I could send them a print now! Here is little Scotty, getting pipped for the first time and the last time. Poor little beggar. I had placed the camera to snap backwards and trust to luck if I got anything. I did, and wish to God I hadn't. . . . Don't know what their Squadron is but they are a crack lot of pilots and we are having a bloody time with them. Had begun to think I was fairly good pilot, but after Tuesday and to-day when I came home full of Krupp steel my ego is somewhat deflated. Ones in particular which give us the most trouble are a crowd of vari-coloured parrots, but they can fly like eagles. Met up with them to-day and they got that kid Scotty. God knows how many more of us they will collect before we see the last of them."

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHS OF AIR FIGHTING EVER TAKEN IN THE WAR—
No. 5: "SHINING EXAMPLE OF WHAT NOT TO DO—LET HIM GET ON YOUR TAIL!"

PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE COCKBURN-LANGE COLLECTION. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.) SEE ALSO FRONT PAGE, "OUR NOTEBOOK," AND PAGES 603, 605.

THE following extract from the British pilot's diary describes the photograph on the right. "Thursday. Got stunning snap to-day, although pretty awful. Up this afternoon and after had been over lines about half hour saw scrap between Nieups. from — Sq. and two-seaters. Turned into it and as we got near saw Hun burning up, Nieup. circling it. Hun scouts appeared just then and scrap became general. Noticed the Nieup. which was circling Hun in flames suddenly pull loop and just then one of the scouts dashed across my sights and I popped at him. Heard somebody's wing go and for second thought it was mine—what a feeling! Second later saw Nieup. going down in pieces. Suppose scout which I pipped had hit him first when he was on top of loop, or he may have been badly hit and strain of loop broke plane up. Didn't see my Hun go down so don't know if I hit him or not. Jock developed plate this evening and result sort of hit us amidships. Pretty ghastly. Must have broken up at instant I pressed the trigger when popping the Hun. You can see the smoke of the burning Hun in lower corner. We got through to — Sq. and inquired about their losses to-day. Only lost one, new man. . . . Only thing can imagine is that if he was new man probably so excited at bagging Hun that forgot he was in France with war on and looped, fatal thing to do, never know where hit, in scrap."



THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHS OF AIR FIGHTING EVER TAKEN IN THE WAR—
No. 6: HIS LAST LOOP—"HEARD SOMEBODY'S WING GO AND FOR SECOND THOUGHT IT WAS MINE."

PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE COCKBURN-LANGE COLLECTION. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.) SEE ALSO FRONT PAGE, "OUR NOTEBOOK," AND PAGES 60 605.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is doubtless disrespectful both to the paper and the reader, nor indeed does it tend greatly to the aggrandisement or dignity of the writer, to say that my occupation in life is catching flies. And when I recently referred to a certain type of Feminist as a wasp, I received remonstrances from one who doubtless considered her to have all the highest and most royal attributes of a queen bee. Nevertheless, this unfortunate metaphor frequently returns to my mind, and I am conscious of a truth that I could not easily express without it. What I mean is this: that one of the chief nuisances of our time is a swarm of little things, in the form of little thoughts, or little sayings largely divorced from thoughts, which pervade the whole atmosphere in a manner only comparable to that of the most minute insects: insignificant and almost invisible, but innumerable and almost omnipresent. I am not thinking of real thought; even of false or destructive thought. I am not referring to the real bodies of moral and philosophical opinion, based on principles I think wrong, or producing results I think mischievous. The views of this kind, with which I have sometimes dealt on this page, differ very much in their power or promise or capacity for doing harm. I disagree with Communism as I disagree with Calvinism; but nobody would say this is the hour of Calvinism, and I admit, in a sense, it is the hour of Communism. There is a very strong intellectual temptation to the Bolshevik simplification because of the unquestionable collapse of the old commercial complexity. On the other hand, other theories I have quarrelled with in my time are less and less prominent in the modern quarrel. Many men of science have abandoned Darwinism. All men of science have abandoned Materialism. But Materialism and Darwinism were none the less thorough systems supported by thinking men, with arguments to be answered as well as assumptions to be questioned. The kind of thing of which I am speaking now is something at once atmospheric and microscopic, like a cloud of midges, and not like the serious scientific theories and philosophies of the nineteenth century, which may rather be compared, according to taste, to lions, elephants, tigers, vultures, vipers, or scorpions.

The matter in question is the prevalence of a sort of casual and even conversational scepticism, making even the idle thoughts of an idle fellow busy in the interests of doubt and despair. I mean that a man, without thinking at all, will throw off some flip-pant phrase which is always (by a strange fatality) a sort of feeble revolt against all traditional truth. It may be anything, an aside on the stage or a joke on the political platform; it may be a mere flourish at the start of a magazine story or a mere word dropped into an inconvenient silence; something said for the sake of saying something. The whole point of it is that it is, in this sense, pointless. The philosophy is not expressed when people are talking

about philosophy, but when they are talking about anything else. I have just this moment started reading an ordinary modern story, quite well written considered as a story; and it begins by saying that there is not much difference between stupidity and courage, and, in fact, that courage is really only a form of stupidity.

courageous, even of highly subtle and penetrating intellectuals who have accepted death courageously. It even contains any number of cases of thoughtful men who have thought a great deal about the act of accepting death; who have thought about it for a long time, and with complete composure, and then deliberately accepted it. Socrates is an obvious

example. Sir Thomas More is a still more obvious example. Boethius and many other philosophers; St. Paul and many other saints; all kinds of mystics, missionaries, religious founders and social reformers have proved the point over and over again. But I am interested here, not so much in the point, as in the pointless remark. What is that itch of intellectual irritation which makes a modern man, even in a moment of indolence, say the cynical thing even when it is obviously false; or kick against the heroic thing, even when it is self-evidently true? Why do we find to-day this fast and vague mass of trivialities, which have nothing in common except that they are all in reaction against the very best of human traditions? Why has this cheap and really worthless sort of scepticism got into such universal circulation? In other words, I am not now thinking of the Gold Standard of the highest truth, or the Bimetallism of the higher scepticism, which discusses whether there can be a rivalry in truth; or any of the more or less precious metals which may bear the image and superscription of this or that moral authority. I am puzzled by the circulation of all these millions of brass farthings, hardly more valuable than bad pennies; I am wondering where they all come from, and why they can be produced in such handfuls; and whether there is not something wrong with the mint of the mind. I am wondering what has debased the currency of current thought and speech, and why every normal ideal of man is now pelted with handfuls of such valueless pebbles, and assailed everywhere, not by free thought, but by frank thoughtlessness.

There seems to be no normal motive for a human being feeling a hostility to the human virtue of courage. He may disapprove of this or that excuse or occasion for calling it forth, but surely not of the thing itself. If the writer had said that the bravery of brave men is used by the stupidity of stupid men, he would have said something perfectly tenable, and, indeed, frequently true. When he says that a brave man must be a stupid man, he wantonly

says something that can instantly be disproved and dismissed as impudent and idiotic. Why does he say it, except to relieve his feelings; and in that case what are his feelings? We only know that they have never yet been the normal feelings of men, yet they seem just now to be the almost involuntary feelings of a vast number of men. That is the problem that I find practically pestering us on every side to-day; and that is what I mean by

(Continued on page 642.)

How Our Extraordinary Photographs of Air Fighting Were Taken.

CAREFUL scrutiny of this officer's notes shows that he spent much time and work in experimenting before he devised a method of taking the photographs. Apparently he secured his camera in various parts of his plane pointing at various angles, often to the rear, and operated the shutter by means of a Bowden wire, so that when he pressed his gun trigger to shoot at an enemy plane the same trigger operated the camera shutter.

"Once the camera was placed in or on the plane while still on the ground the whole procedure following was purely automatic and required no attention on the part of the pilot when once in the air. As a result, he could only get one photograph each time he went up, and that one at the first press of his gun trigger. Naturally, he did not get a good picture, or even a picture at all, each time he went up, as in many cases he missed his target at the first shot, and a picture was snapped showing either a blank or a wing tip or planes so far away that they were mere specks on the negative. The photographs comprising this collection are the only ones out of several hundred exposed negatives which were worth saving. On two occasions he mentions in his notes where the camera mechanism did not function because hit by bullets."

To amplify the note given above, which our readers will remember we published last week, we give the following extract from the diary of the British pilot who took the photographs, showing how he acquired his camera and how he used it.

"**SUNDAY.**—Wangled afternoon off and went over to — to look at crash saw the other day. Managed to find it after much chasing around. Hun two-seater. Pilot and obs. buried by Tommies, they said. According to old Frenchman living near it had been there over a week. Tried to get iron crosses off wing but too torn up by branches. Tommies had looted thing properly and guns had been won. Was about to climb down when spotted something shining just forward of rear cockpit, nearly broke my neck getting it. Was a camera, strange looking contraption, cylindrical in shape. Badly dented. Heavy thing. Showed it to Jock who said lens by some miracle seems all right, and shutter is fastest he has ever seen. All excited about it, wanted to buy it, but I need a toy so think I'll hang on to it. Lens at least will come in handy if ever we get cooties, good magnifier. Had a film roll in it but back was smashed and film ruined. Interesting to know what was on it but all bashed in. Jock says we ought to repair it and use it up in the air, but I'm not a Siamese twin with four hands—besides, it weighs about ten pounds. Obviously the Germans were using it for some photographic purpose, and its up to our combined brains to find a use ourselves for such a gift from the gods."

"**WEDNESDAY.**—Rotten flying so hung around mess. Rags brought ground glass out from — for us and of course I had to crack one corner off cutting it to fit. Can see through camera and Jock says its remarkable lens, take good pictures. Talked a lot about focal length and all that sort of thing, Greek to me, but corner of hangar in focus and poplars along road to —. Odd size, four-and-eleven-sixteenths by little over three-and-a-half. Jock suggests I fit a five-by-four rack in it and fasten it to the bus in some way and take pictures with it while up. He's great at making suggestions but doesn't wait to tell you how to go about it."

"**THURSDAY.**—Foggy. Spent day trying to devise some way to use camera while flying. Takes a bit more thinking out than at first imagined."

"**TUESDAY.**—Heaven sent rest to-day. Find it takes longer to make gadgets than to make plans for them. Jock is washout as mechanic but old Fitts (fitter) is priceless, patient and makes many good suggestions. Twiggd my ideas quickly and great help. Had Riggs (rigger) helping to rig up dark room behind our hangar but suddenly realised idea N.G. Have to think of some other place for dark room, everyone too curious."

NOTE TO OUR READERS.—Another set of photographs from the same series will be published in our next issue—dated October 29, 1932.

That is exactly typical of the thing I mean. It is merely a casual remark; it is only very casually meant to be a clever remark; it is actually rather a silly remark; but the point is that a fatality of fashion causes a myriad such remarks to be made, always on the side of cowardice and never on the side of courage. In point of fact, of course, it would be easy to demonstrate its falsehood. History is full of examples of intellectual men who have been



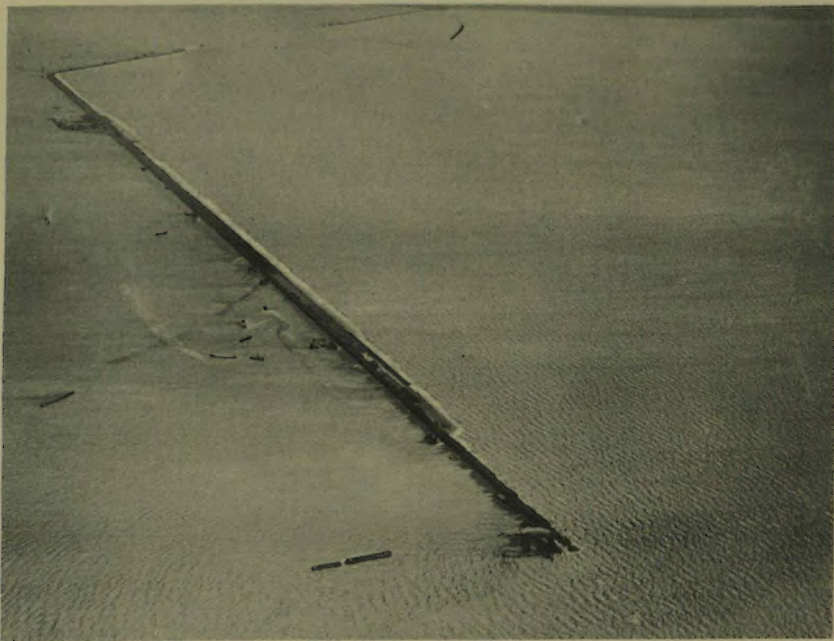
THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHS OF AIR-FIGHTING EVER TAKEN—No. 7: "THE HUN JUST BEFORE HE DROPPED DOWN IN A SPIN AND THEN BURST INTO FLAMES."

"Thursday. Bloody day for our squadron with a vengeance. Quite a few E.A. around and B. and C. Flights went up together. Tacks had to phone for more pilots later. Two we know are dead and Breck is missing. Rex, who was one of my best, and Barry of B. Flight are both gone. . . . Met our Fokker friends again to-day and had glorious (?) fight all by ourselves. Got four of them, one of which is credited to me, so I feel wonderful, oh wonderful. Yes, by God, wonderful that's the word. Two of my men gone and one of Mac's, and all we can do is to sit here impotent against those powers that mow down men like those three. . . . As we got four and probably lost three we are one up on the Hun anyway. Our flights were stepping along God's highway in the bright sunshine above the feathery clouds (Shakespeare probably) in the hope of not seeing any Huns to spoil a pleasant patrol, and then

we did just that very little thing. Had no choice in the matter so watched them. They were below us so we slipped into the sun and went down on them. Just as I was about to shoot a nice one he slipped away from me, and I flopped around like a clumsy hen, trying to find an inexperienced Hun! But apparently they were all au fait to-day with the gentle art of fighting, so I made up my mind I had to fly or be flopped. Got a Hun in my ring sight several times, but never for long enough to shoot. Managed after a while to attract the attention of a fellow with the letter P on his wing. We climbed around each other in the most approved style. I tried a little trick H—had pounded into my thick nut, the beer boy made the expected move, and I pipped him. The photo shows the Hun just before he dropped down in a spin and then burst into flames"—a quotation from the pilot's diary.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE COCKBURN-LANGE COLLECTION. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.) SEE ALSO FRONT PAGE, "OUR NOTEBOOK," AND PAGES 602 AND 603.)

THE SEA-BED AS A CORNFIELD: ARABLE LAND FROM THE ZUIDER ZEE.



AS IT WAS THREE YEARS AGO: A STAGE IN THE RECLAMATION OF THE WIERINGENMEER POLDER, NEAR THE ISLAND OF WIERINGEN, SHOWN IN A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE AIR.



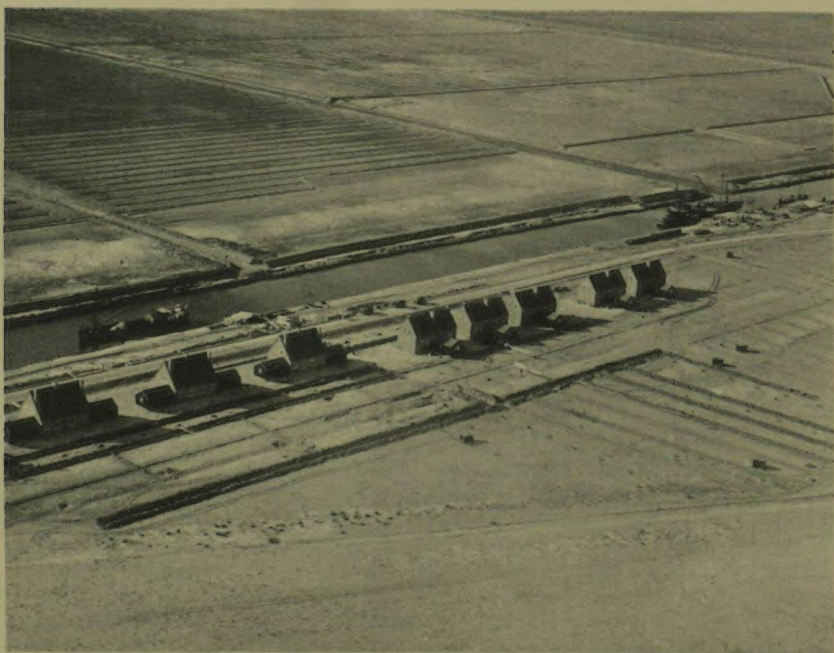
THE SAME SPOT (AS IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION) AS IT IS TO-DAY: A RECENT AIR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING RECLAIMED LAND OF THE WIERINGENMEER POLDER, WITH CANALS AND ROADS.



THE "LELY" PUMPING-STATION AND ITS SURROUNDINGS THREE YEARS AGO: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING LAND TO BE RECLAIMED (RIGHT) STILL UNDER WATER.



THE "LELY" PUMPING-STATION AND ITS SURROUNDINGS TO-DAY AFTER THREE YEARS' WORK: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE RECLAIMED LAND, WITH CANALS.



PART OF THE RECLAIMED LAND AS IT WAS AT THE END OF 1931: AN AIR VIEW OF "SLUIS 3," WITH ONLY EIGHT SMALL HOUSES IN A REGION STILL DESOLATE AND UNTILLED.



THE SAME PLACE (AS SEEN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH) TEN MONTHS LATER: THE NEW VILLAGE OF SLOODORP, WITH OVER 100 HOUSES, CHURCH AND SCHOOL, AND FIELDS OF CORN.

The photographs on these two pages show the wonderful progress made in the great scheme of Dutch land-reclamation, which has converted the Zuider Zee into an inland lake, and is adding to Holland a large new province of inhabited and cultivated land that was formerly a waste of waters. We have illustrated successive stages of this enormous work from time to time, and in our issue of June 4 last we gave photographs taken at the closing of the last gap in the 18½-mile dyke constructed between Noord-Holland and Friesland, dividing the Zuider Zee from the North Sea and transforming it into Yssel Lake. That historic

incident took place on May 28. It was stated at the time that, when the dyke had been brought to the intended width, there would be an official opening in the presence of Queen Wilhelmina. Up to then, some 50,000 acres had been reclaimed, but large areas had still to be drained. The plan was that, after the cultivation of the Wieringenmeer Polder, the so-called North-East Polder would probably be brought into use. The dyke will have along the top a railway and a motor road. Part of it connects Helder, at the extreme point of the Province of North Holland, with the island of Wieringen, further northward. The full

[Continued opposite.]

CROPS ON SOIL FORMERLY UNDER WATER: FISHER FOLK TURN PEASANTS.



OLD DERELICT BOATS—RELICS OF THE TIME WHEN THIS NEW EXPANSE OF ARABLE LAND WAS UNDER WATER—STILL REMAINING AMID THE FIELDS OF GRAIN
EVIDENCE OF THE RAPIDITY WITH WHICH THE WORK OF RECLAMATION AND CULTIVATION IN THE AREA OF THE ZUIDER ZEE HAS BEEN CARRIED OUT.



A POPULATION
DIVERTED FROM
FISHING TO
AGRICULTURE:
TWO
GENERATIONS
AMONG THE
FOLK
INHABITING
HOLLAND'S
NEW
"PROVINCE"
RECLAIMED
FROM THE
WATERS—(LEFT)
AN OLD
FISHERMAN
TURNED
PEASANT;
(RIGHT) A
YOUNG
PEASANT ON
A TRACTOR.



Continued
scheme, which may take twenty-five years to complete, provides for four reclaimed areas, or polders, comprising in all over 500,000 acres. "One of the polders," it was stated in a recent account, "is under the lee of the island of Wieringen, and in 1926 it was decided to proceed with the reclamation of this area without waiting for the completion of the great dyke. The work was accomplished in about four years. In a short time engineers had provided Wieringenmeer Polder with roads, canals, gas, water, and electricity; the authorities had set up a post office; the land had been divided into holdings, which the peasants were working; and a village had been built, named Slootdorp, complete with church and school."

For the removal of sea-water from the Wieringenmeer Polder, there were two pumping-stations, named the "Lely" and the "Leemans." The cost of the whole reclamation scheme was originally estimated at £37,000,000, but this amount, it is reported, is certain to be exceeded. It has been recalled that the Zuider Zee was formed, by natural processes, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the North Sea thus encroached on the Netherlands and covered 2000 square miles of territory. The reclamation scheme is a retaliation. Amid the general rejoicings, the fishing folk regarded the shutting out of the waters as a tragedy. Many of them in their old age have been obliged to take to agricultural labour.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HAVING just said good-bye to relatives returning to India, after home leave, to resume their family life there, I am naturally curious to know how they are likely to be affected by the coming political changes. I cannot be accused, therefore, of any indifference towards the present or the future of that country if I suggest that a little more attention might suitably be paid to its past. What I wish to point out is that the average reader, and perhaps the average politician, is apt to neglect Indian history and its bearing on present conditions, and to look no further back than to the early days of Mr. Gandhi.

Regarding the remote past in India, long before the invasion of Alexander, recent research has caused a great increase of knowledge, but that belongs rather to the realm of archaeology, and is too far off to have any connection with current affairs. It is rather the history of the last few centuries, since England first began to reach out her hand to the East, that deserves more careful and extensive study by statesmen and students concerned with the evolution of India. If there is one writer who has done more than most to lighten our darkness on this subject, it is the distinguished author of "VIGNETTES FROM INDIAN WARS." By Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.S.I., Colonel Commandant, the Royal Artillery. Illustrated (Sampson Low; 12s. 6d.). This is the latest of a series of noteworthy books from the same pen, which include "The Martial Races of India" and "The Religions and Hidden Cults of India." It is in no way inferior to those well-known works in human interest and historical value.

The author's main purpose has been to revive the earlier story of the British Army in India, and "to give some colour and romance to the dry bones of history." The same idea is amplified in the opening paragraph of his chapter on the storming of Dargai (on Oct. 20, 1897). "The coming of new wars," we read, "dims the memory and the glory of those that are past, as the Peninsula drove the memories of Blenheim and Malplaquet and of Dettingen from men's minds, and salved the sores left by the American War and the follies of Flanders. South Africa dimmed the romance of the great war on the Indian Frontier of 1897, and the Great War thrust South Africa to the limbo of old forgotten things. But now and again it is good to take out the old stories and polish them up to be read, like the Apocrypha, for the benefit of learning and instruction."

His book, as a whole, has no ulterior political motive, claiming interest as a picturesque narrative of stirring events, yet Sir George MacMunn is not unmindful of the existing state of things in India, and more than one incidental passage has significance for Indian or Briton, or for both. To the former may be commended his account of the historic battle of Panipat in 1761, when Ahmed Shah and his Afghans broke the Hindu confederacy. "For many generations the fear of the invading North lay on India; and now that India forgets, and murmurs ever at an alien's yoke, be it never so benevolent, it is well that this same India should remember that this same North still stands, hungry and fierce and poor, waiting for the day when the British frontier guard, like the legions on Hadrian's Wall, shall mount for the last time, and once again leave bare the road to the Bikaner and the wealth of Hindustan."

For the Briton, too, there is a grave admonition in Sir George's chapter on the Indian Mutiny. "In India," he writes, "history is made so fast. The great Durbars are already ancient history. Lord Kitchener and Lord Curzon are almost solar myths. Let them forget these if they like, but let them ever remember the captain of the guard and his companions, because in that great task of raising India from where she had fallen we may again have to face a storm, possibly of greater, possibly of less, dimensions than that of '57. Since the multitudes pressed their foreheads on the step of King George's dais, King George's delegate has been bombed within sight of that old Lahore Gate. All the old evil is still at work, to embitter and to ruin the slow work of building up a

flourishing people from the war-racked ruins of ancient races. Once again may we have to stand four-square to the devil's wind, amid tumult and calumny. It is the avowed intention of the Indian fanatics that '57 shall not be buried in oblivion."

For the most part, Sir George's book is concerned with the romance and glamour of warfare, regarded as a great adventure, and touches but little on painful details. There is a suggestion of these, however, in an extract quoted from the autobiography, published in 1873, of a native *subahdar* who had served for many years in the forces of the East India Company. It throws a sinister light on the kind of mentality which lay behind the horrors of the Mutiny. This Indian soldier wrote: "The English respect brave men and do not kill them. Is not this curious, for is not a brave man the most dangerous enemy? . . . The wounded snake can kill as long as life remains. If your enemy is not worth killing, he is not worth fighting with." Whereupon Sir George comments: "Thus the philosophy of the East, and, as a recent Indian historian of the Mutiny has put it, when talking of the massacres of the women and children: 'Would I kill a serpent and leave the eggs?' " Here we have the logic of war stripped of chivalrous sentiment and pushed to its remorseless conclusion.

time, I do not much like the author's tendency to put Britain and the British always in the wrong. Other people, perhaps, were not entirely innocent. All through the book runs a vein of censure and denunciation against everyone in general and no one in particular. "Any criticisms," the author explains, "are made not against any individual as such—we were all only puppets, straws caught in a whirlwind—but rather against the carefully-cultivated idea that murder on a vast scale ceases to be murder but something rather admirable; that 'War is a glorious and heroic public exercise,' and not the sordid scuffle which it must be." War is a virulent social disease which has afflicted man all through the ages. In this book we get a harrowing picture of its symptoms and effects. It is for our political practitioners to prescribe a course of treatment that may eventually lead to a permanent cure.

From "murder on a vast scale" I turn to individual murder in "THE TRIAL OF JOHN WATSON LAURIE." Edited by William Roughead, author of "Bad Companions" and "Malice Domestic." With eleven illustrations (Hodge; 10s. 6d.), a new addition to the long series of Notable British Trials. It deals with an event that occurred in July 1889, a month which, we are reminded, "is a red-

letter date in the black calendar of crime," for it also saw the last atrocity of Jack the Ripper and the conviction of Mrs. Maybrick for poisoning her husband. The Arran murder, as it was called, was chiefly remarkable for the natural grandeur of its setting, for the victim, a London clerk on holiday, named Edwin Rose, met his death on the wild slopes of Goatfell, while out for a climbing expedition with the accused, a stray Scottish artisan with whom he had picked up a few days before, and against whom he had been warned by other men as an obviously doubtful character.

Rose is described as a man of very affable disposition, who made friends easily, and his fate stands as a warning to persons of that type to be more discriminating in their casual acquaintances, and particularly not to go on walking tours with strangers in lonely mountains. Young men, however, will take these risks. The story has made me reflect how easily I might have been murdered when I used to go on solitary tramps along the Cornish coast, despite the thick stick I always carried, if I had fraternised with some chance pedestrian. A gentle push over the edge of Blackapit or Hennacliff, and all the literary crimes I have since perpetrated, including these articles, might have been nipped in the bud!

John Laurie was ultimately caught, convicted of killing and robbing his companion, and sentenced to death, but was afterwards reprieved, on grounds of insanity, and spent the remaining forty-one years of his life in prison. He died in Perth Penitentiary only two years ago. The present volume, I may add, has been edited with the care and thoroughness characteristic of the series to which it belongs, and will doubtless be much to the taste of criminologists, professional and amateur.

Laurie's case also illustrates the difficulty of determining what constitutes insanity in a criminal. Discussing this question and the typical mentality associated with homicide, Mr. Roughead writes: "Your murderer is the perfect egoist. For his especial benefit the sun shines daily, and the pick of the basket is his by right. This pleasant illusion is by the learned termed 'megalomania,' and by the vulgar, swollen head. It is not certifiable. A person of such importance cannot, of course, permit anybody else to get between him and the light or stand in the way of his desires. Should somebody do so, why, then, so much the worse for somebody; he is liable to become, as our American friends would say, 'somebody.' Transfer these principles from the individual to an aggressive nation insisting on 'a place in the sun,' and we come very near to the root cause of war.—C. E. B.



A PREHISTORIC LAKE RESTORED TO SWITZERLAND BY MODERN ENGINEERING: THE ARTIFICIAL LAKE ON THE GRIMSEL PASS, OVER 6000 FEET UP, CONSTRUCTED RECENTLY AS PART OF A LARGE ELECTRIC POWER SCHEME.

A lake which existed in prehistoric times has now been restored to Switzerland by the hand of man. It is 3½ miles long and covers the greater part of the glen leading to the Oberaar Glacier. It contains 300 million cubic feet of water, which are destined to drive the turbines of three big power plants erected at different levels—one of which, at Handeck, is already completed. The new lake has been created by damming the Grimsel glen.

No one has greater opportunities of seeing at first-hand the gruesome side of war than the medical officer in the field, and it is significant that comparatively few Army doctors who served in the Great War have recorded their experiences. Probably they have wished to forget them, or have felt that the result would be too nauseating. As a nation, we are still too apt to cover up and ignore unpleasant things, and the reading public is seldom allowed to know the whole truth about such matters. The veil is lifted, however, to a considerable extent in "UNWILLING PASSENGER." By Arthur Osburn (Faber and Faber; 10s. 6d.). The author writes as a Regular officer, a Captain in the R.A.M.C., who had served also in the South African War. During the Great War he was at the front from the beginning, and after the Armistice he was in Ireland and Germany. His book begins with a candid account of the retreat from Mons, in which he accompanied the Cavalry Division. Apart from its interest as a vivid personal narrative, it is a vigorous indictment of various alleged abuses connected with the conduct of the war, and an attack on the futility of war in general.

Now that a generation is growing up which has not even the vague recollections of childhood concerning the war, I think it is well that such plain-spoken books as this should be available, to let them understand what our men actually went through, and especially the frightful sufferings endured by many of the wounded. At the same

EUROPEANISED AFGHANISTAN: STEEL HELMETS—AND THE MICROPHONE.



THE NEW AFGHANISTAN: KING NADIR SHAH REVIEWING HIS REGULAR TROOPS, WHO ARE EQUIPPED ON THE EUROPEAN PATTERN, WITH STEEL HELMETS OF THE GERMAN TYPE, AND WITH MODERN RIFLES.



MEMBERS OF THE AFGHAN ROYAL FAMILY LEARNING THE BUSINESS OF SOLDIERING: PRINCES PERFORM THE DUTIES OF PRIVATES—SERVING AN AUTOMATIC.



MODERN EQUIPMENT AND DEMOCRATIC IDEAS IN THE NEW AFGHANISTAN: "PRIVATE" THE CROWN PRINCE LEARNING TO WORK A MACHINE-GUN.

"MY people are savages, and I will tame them," ill-fated King Amanullah is reported to have said; and his downfall was generally regarded as the result of his too-fervid efforts at Westernisation. But, judging from the pictures here reproduced, King Nadir Shah, the present ruler, has not altogether abandoned Westernisation—at least, as far as military matters are concerned. Amanullah, we learn from General MacMunn's extremely interesting work on Afghanistan, attempted to create a regular army. "The Afghan authorities," writes General MacMunn, "have always shirked enlisting their real fighting races, the tribesmen of their hills, whom apparently only the magic of the British officer can tame . . . and bring to stomach . . . collective training. The former, therefore, have concentrated on the less warlike but more biddable Tajik of Persian and Arab origin." Perhaps King Nadir Shah has changed all that. At all events, we now see his troops drawn up with soldier-like precision in uniforms and steel helmets that have a very familiar look, or drilling with automatics of various types favoured in Europe and America. In February, we learned that a new Constitution had been proclaimed in Afghanistan. This was not in any sense a profound upheaval. It was stated that the King was required to govern in accordance with the laws of Shariat (Islamic law) and to regard the "Independence of the State" as his first and foremost duty.



A MONARCH WHO RECENTLY GAVE AFGHANISTAN A NEW CONSTITUTION—AND IS WELL AWARE OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE MICROPHONE: KING NADIR SHAH BROADCASTING A MESSAGE TO HIS PEOPLE FROM THE PILLAR OF INDEPENDENCE IN KABUL.

THE LOOTING OF THE SS. "HELIKON":



BIAS BAY: THE STRONGHOLD OF CHINESE PIRATE GANGS WHOSE NOTORIOUS ACTIVITIES ON THE CHINA COAST CONSTITUTE A DEFINITE MENACE TO INTERNATIONAL SHIPPING—AS WITNESS THE SEIZING AND LOOTING OF THE BRITISH STEAMER "HELIKON."

Public attention has been strongly directed during the last few weeks to the prevalence of outlaws and violence in regions of the Far East. The kidnapping of Mrs. Pawley and Mr. Corkran by Manchurian bandits near Neuchwang, and the murder of Mrs. Woodruff in Harbin, were followed last week by an act of piracy, between Hong Kong and Saigon, against a British ship. The 223-ton steamer "Helikon," owned by the Luen Hing Steamship Company of Hong Kong, was seized by a band of Chinese pirates, who, using a favourite trick of their kind, had posed as innocent passengers. The wireless was put out of action, the officers were confined in cabins, and the ship was taken into Honghai Bay, not far from Bias Bay, and there ransomed. Two Chinese passengers committed suicide to avoid being kidnapped. In view of these recent events, the following article by Mr. Aleks E. Lilius, describing the methods of the Bias Bay pirates, is of exceptional interest. The photographs, with the exception of the "Helikon," are also supplied by Mr. Lilius.

TIME and again the news columns of our papers contain a curt item that another ship has been pirated near Hong Kong, taken to Bias Bay and there looted of its cargo. The passengers are invariably robbed of their possessions and either kidnapped or in some cases even murdered. It is almost unbelievable that these outrages are allowed to take place almost within the range of British guns. Bias Bay, located about sixty-five miles east of Hong Kong, is the rendezvous of pirate gangs, who for some unaccountable reason have been permitted to go on with their dastardly business. On the other hand, the trade of buccannering is

(Continued on right)



PRECAUTIONS, LIKE THE GRILLE ILLUSTRATED ABOVE, AGAINST ATTACK BY PIRATES—WHO MAY WELL BE ALREADY ON BOARD IN THE GUILD OF ORDINARY PASSENGERS: THE GUARD ON A RIVER STEAMER READY FOR ACTION

LOOTED RECENTLY BETWEEN HONG KONG AND SAIGON, BY PIRATES WHO POSED AS PASSENGERS AND SEIZED THE SHIP: THE BRITISH STEAMER "HELIKON."

got on board, and the ship well out at sea, they attack the crew at a given signal from the leader. One group storms the bridge, another attacks the engine room, and a third keeps the passengers at bay. During the last ten years an average of three ships a year bearing British or foreign flags have been pirated by the gangs of Bias Bay. How many Chinese ships and junks they have attacked is not known. Until lately the ship's officers seldom put up an effective resistance, and for a number of years the sea rovers did not consider piracy business very risky. On the contrary, it was a comparatively safe and very remunerative undertaking. During the years of more or less undisturbed buccannering the Chinese have developed an intelligence service, which supplies them with correct information regarding ship locations and their cargoes, whether gold, silver specie, bar silver, or other valuable cargo, such as opium or silks. There is a ruthless war going on between the Hong Kong police

THE PRINCIPAL PIRATE VILLAGE OF BIAS BAY: A STREET OF FAN LO KONG, WHERE THE POPULATION PRETENDS TO BE SIMPLE FISHERFOLK.

(Continued.)

in the blood of the South Chinese. The river deltas, hundreds of islands and deep fjords along the South China coast all the way to Indo-China, offer an ideal territory for their activities. Hong Kong was once a pirates' nest, and Macao was turned over to the Portuguese by the Son of Heaven in appreciation of their policing the waters around Canton. The Chinese pirates go to their business after weeks of preparation. During this time they travel back and forth as passengers aboard the steamers which they have selected for robbery, to learn the habits of the officers and the crew and to rehearse the attack. Finally, with supplies of arms and ammunitions smuggled on board, and the ship well out at sea, they attack the crew at a given signal from the leader. One group storms the bridge, another attacks the engine room, and a third keeps the passengers at bay. During the last ten years an average of three ships a year bearing British or foreign flags have been pirated by the gangs of Bias Bay. How many Chinese ships and junks they have attacked is not known. Until lately the ship's officers seldom put up an effective resistance, and for a number of years the sea rovers did not consider piracy business very risky. On the contrary, it was a comparatively safe and very remunerative undertaking. During the years of more or less undisturbed buccannering the Chinese have developed an intelligence service, which supplies them with correct information regarding ship locations and their cargoes, whether gold, silver specie, bar silver, or other valuable cargo, such as opium or silks. There is a ruthless war going on between the Hong Kong police



WHERE PASSENGERS ARE FLUNDERED AND BROUGHT ASHORE TO BE HELD FOR RANSOM: A PIRATE STRONGHOLD NEAR BIAS BAY, SEEMINGLY A QUIET FISHING SETTLEMENT.



MAKING ROPES IN THE PIRATE GANGS' STRONGHOLD NOT MORE THAN SIXTY-FIVE MILES FROM HONG KONG: HANDIERS ASHORE AT BIAS BAY.

and all the different pirate gangs, especially those of Bias Bay. It is characterized by espionage, counter-espionage, betrayal, shooting affrays, bribery, and double-crossing. Superficially it would seem that the Hong Kong authorities could easily crush these pirates and blow Bias Bay and all its strongholds and villages to pieces. But, theoretically, the British cannot very well start punitive expeditions without infringing on Chinese sovereignty. In actual practice, however, they have been forced to do so because the Chinese authorities, time and again, have openly admitted their inability to relieve this intolerable situation, and until lately have refused to co-operate in any effort to punish those murderous desperadoes. Indeed, upon one occasion, they had the audacity to request that the British should not disturb the Bias Bay gangs, because any move against them might result in further reprisals against other ships. Along the rivers of the interior and all along the coast various other and independent pirate chiefs rule supreme, each gang operating on its allotted territory. These pirate chiefs have inherited their territories and positions from their forefathers, or wrested them away from neighbouring chiefs. They levy taxes on passing junks, occasionally robbing them of their cargo and kidnapping wealthy-looking passengers. Kidnapping of rich Chinese is perhaps one of their major sources of income. As a matter of fact, it is on the programme of every wealthy Chinese to be kidnapped. Consequently, a certain part of his fortune is set aside to be used as ransom money—should the inevitable happen. Kidnapping is a surprisingly well-organized business. As a matter of fact, there is a regular trade in captives. The Chinese slang term for

THE CHINESE PIRATES OF BIAS BAY.



AN ANTI-PIRATE GRILLE ON A CHINESE COAST STEAMER TO LIMIT THE ACTIVITIES OF PIRATES SHOULD ANY HAVE COME ON BOARD DISGUISED AS PASSENGERS—A FAVOURITE METHOD OF THEIRS, USED AGAIN ON THE "HELIKON."

(Continued.)

a prisoner is *sum*. Those who are, or in their time have been, *sums* must number thousands. Some have been released against ransom, but some have been rescued with horrible memories of tortures, seen and experienced. Some have been brutally murdered and others have merely languished and died. The *modus operandi* is usually to have the victim write a letter to the relatives to send ransom money. If this sum is not forthcoming, the victim's ear is enclosed in the next letter. "The third letter will contain the victim's hand, and if there is no response the victim is doomed. On the other hand, negotiations for a release are a long business, because of the bargaining and the custom of using middlemen. The relatives must first sweeten this middleman with a negotiation fee. Then the family appoints an agent and the bartering then proceeds. The middleman, called a *ha'an yan*, rakes in as much as possible in the way of commission. As long as negotiations actually continue, the captive is safe from death, if not from occasional torture to speed up matters. A crisis arises when the relatives miserly or impatiently break off negotiations. But the business is rendered more difficult when the unhappy *sums* are bought speculatively by one bandit gang from another. Small bandit gangs with insecure hiding-places dispose of their prisoners to major gangs. These are bandit capitalists who finance pirate raids, and there are *sum* dealers in a wholesale way of trade. Captives may travel far and change prisons frequently, and if their captors decide to sell them on the eve of conclusion of negotiations, the bartering relatives have to go through this sorry business all over again, a higher price being consequently demanded. Of course, cash before delivery is the rule.

ALEK E. LILIUS.



CLEARING DECKS FOR ACTION: A PIRATE SHIP, WELL EQUIPPED WITH GUNS FOR AN EFFECTIVE BROADSIDE, PURSUING A TRADING JUNK FOR "RANSOM."



WOMEN AND A BOY WHO HAVE TAKEN TO THE VERY REMUNERATIVE BUSINESS OF PIRACY ON THE CHINA COAST: HEAVILY ARMED RECRUITS TO A TRADE WHICH IS IN THE BLOOD OF THE SOUTH CHINESE.

(Continued on right)

THE ROCKET THAT WOULD NOT GO UP! AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT ENDS IN EXPLOSION.



POURING IN LIQUID OXYGEN: PREPARATIONS FOR FIRING HERR WINKLER'S GREAT ROCKET, INTENDED TO PENETRATE THE STRATOSPHERE FOR SCIENTIFIC PURPOSES.



INSERTING INTO THE ROCKET THE PARACHUTE DESIGNED TO BRING IT BACK SAFELY TO EARTH WITH ITS RECORDING INSTRUMENTS INTACT: ANOTHER PHASE OF THE PREPARATIONS.

DISASTER attended the firing of Herr Johannes Winkler's rocket, fitted with scientific recording instruments, which he had hoped would penetrate the stratosphere to a greater height than that reached by Professor Piccard in his balloon. After a previous attempt on September 27, postponed owing to the bursting of a cylinder, the rocket was eventually fired off on October 6 among the sand-dunes of East Prussia. When it had risen less than 50 ft., however, the fuel chamber burst, and it fell to the ground. No one was injured. It was stated that a further trial was unlikely for some time. The rocket was about 6 ft. high by 18 in. in diameter, and was propelled by a mixture of mythyl and liquid oxygen. It cost about £750. The instruments carried were for measuring speed, altitude, and air pressure. It also had a parachute device, intended to open at the highest point attained and bring it back safely to earth. The rocket was said to be the most powerful ever made. It was expected to have an initial speed of 560 m.p.h. and to go up six miles in 100 seconds. Herr Winkler was reported to have described it as the forerunner of others, much larger, capable of carrying a man to the Moon in three or four days. The conditions of such an ascent, we may recall, were illustrated in our issue of March 5 last.

FILM PHOTOGRAPHS (CENTRAL COLUMN) BY COURTESY OF THE UFA COMPANY.



PHASES OF THE ROCKET'S SHORT-LIVED FLIGHT: ITS RISE, EXPLOSION AND FALL SHOWN (FROM BOTTOM TO TOP) IN A CINEMATOGRAPH FILM SEQUENCE.



THE MOMENT OF FIRING: (ABOVE) A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ROCKET ASCENDING, AT TERRIFIC SPEED, JUST BEFORE THE EXPLOSION; (BELOW) STEEL-HELMETED FILM OPERATORS IN THEIR SHELTER.

MORE LIGHT ON LURISTAN BRONZES:

RELICS OF ANCIENT PERSIAN ART DISCOVERED BY BANDS OF LUR TRIBESMEN, LOCATING BURIALS WITH SHARP IRON RODS:
NEW EXAMPLES OF BRONZE, GLASS, AND POTTERY.

By ARTHUR UPHAM POPE. (See Illustrations, numbered according to the Author's References, on two succeeding pages.)

Mr. Upham Pope's two previous articles on the Luristan bronzes, we may recall, appeared in our issues of Sept. 6 and 13, 1930, with many illustrations, some in colour. In the following article (continued on the succeeding double-page) he explains how the discoveries were made, and presents a number of new examples, not only of bronzes, but of pottery, terra-cotta, and glass, representing ancient art in Western Persia.

THE first period of our knowledge of Luristan bronzes has come to a close. Discovered with dramatic suddenness, with only a few scattered anticipations, they awakened the liveliest interest on the part of historians of Near Eastern culture and enthusiasm from those primarily interested in art. Their success in the antique market was immediate, and the poverty-stricken Lurs industriously exploited every inch of their territory in search of more material. Upwards of five hundred burial-places were located, practically all clustered around springs, others on hill slopes marked by trees which perhaps indicated ancient springs. Some of these stone graves protruded a little from the ground and were easily discovered, but as soon as these obvious sources were exhausted the Lurs began a more systematic and thorough search. Bands of from ten to thirty, armed with long, sharp iron rods, marched abreast across every likely bit of land, prodding the earth deeply. As all of the graves are topped with flat stones, and as the majority are near the surface, most of the remaining burials were promptly located.

This intensive research restored the shrinking volume of finds, so that the supply reached its height in the autumn of 1930. Since then it has steadily diminished; Government restrictions on trade in Luristan bronzes have further discouraged the efforts, which had already become unremunerative, so that almost nothing has reached the market from Persia in the last year.

Meanwhile, a certain amount of new information of modest value has been gleaned concerning the general conditions of the finds, the most dependable coming from a young graduate of the American College at Teheran, named Rahim,¹ who, under close, critical, and repeated questioning, provided a few new facts. He reports that bronzes were found in all parts of the country, but especially in Kharkavand, Ghaleh, and Tamarg. But, while these were the three places in Luristan proper that yielded the greatest amount of metal, a good deal was excavated also at Alehtar, Abgizarou, Pusht-i-kur, Etyvand, and Sanjabieh. From many other little places, scarcely localisable, came smaller finds.

A good deal of metal was found also in the neighbourhood of Harsin, but this was not one of the most prolific parts of the territory, and any effort to identify any of the Luristan bronzes as peculiar to that district is premature and unsupported by evidence. Harsin has been primarily the distributing centre—a sort of native market for the wares of Luristan.

In Piravand, which is, strictly speaking, outside the Luristan country, about five miles north of Taq-i-Bustan, but which Rahim



FIG. 1. EVIDENCE OF THE INFLUENCE OF LURISTAN ON SCYTHIAN ART: A SCYTHIAN BRONZE WHETSTONE HEAD THAT MIGHT EASILY PASS FOR LURISTAN WORK.

This bronze, from the collection of Mrs. Carl Holmes, confirms the theory that the Scythian-Sarmatian debt to Iranian sources is much greater than has been generally supposed.

also visited, a great quantity of fine and typical Luristan metal was found, about a thousand pieces in less than two months. This consisted of many axe-heads in a great variety of forms, adzes, daggers, bracelets, bits, the usual paired animals and cups, both plain and with figures.

Rahim was present at the opening of many graves, but as an outsider he did not have the best chances to observe. The opening of each grave was the occasion of much excitement, commotion, and quarrels. In general, Rahim corroborates a great many of Rabenou's observations, and his accounts are in substantial agreement with those given by M. Godard, although Mr. Rahim's report was made more than a year before M. Godard's book² was published.

For the story of the burial of horses in the graves, which was told to Rabenou and was believed by many of the natives, neither Mr. Rahim nor M. Godard could find support, but M. Godard reports that a few bones of horses were found in some graves, which gave rise to the tale. Mr. Rahim did not think that the cemeteries were specialised, as Rabenou had thought from what he had seen and heard.

In some instances, the stones defining the graves were carefully shaped, the top stone, and rarely the end pieces, being cut to fit. Some of the graves were as long as eight feet, others were too short for the body, which was found crumpled up. There was no rule at all as to the position of the body, some sitting, some flat, some with knees drawn up; all in one cemetery. These cemeteries averaged about a hundred graves each, but some were as small as twenty or thirty burials; the largest contained about a

hundred and fifty. In this respect there was no difference between localities. In some districts no cemeteries at all were found, but at Karkavand about fifteen cemeteries were located in ten square miles. Nearly all the cemeteries were on a slope, and almost always they were among trees, generally chenars. Out of a hundred graves, sixty yielded no metal. Out of the remaining forty, only about five contained objects of interest or value.

Numerous studies of Luristan bronzes have already appeared—the most complete by M. Godard, who has published an able and interesting volume dealing systematically with nearly every aspect of the problem.³ M. Dussaud,

of the Louvre, has published a serious article on the axes,³ and has prepared an authoritative and comprehensive statement for the forthcoming Survey of Persian Art. Dr. Anton Moortgat, of Berlin, has published a small volume on the subject, and Professor Rostovtzeff, of Yale University, an important article in "Ipek" for July 1932. Yet none of these publications, nor even all of them taken together, has exhausted the available material, and there are finds not yet discussed which are essential for the complete understanding of this interesting culture. Some of the outstanding examples are herewith illustrated.

Although a number of glass objects have been discovered in Luristan, it cannot yet be established that the glass found there was of local manufacture. In addition to the heavy, round glass bottles like the one in the Buckley Collection, thick-walled and hand-moulded, of ancient pattern, a number of bracelets have been found made of glass with coloured glass paste inlays, of which the finest is illustrated in Fig. 13. It is a handsome object, the edge corded with a black and white moulding that looks like twisted thread, the body inset with segments of green, blue, dark red, and yellow of a richness and harmony of colour that a black and white illustration does not even suggest. Somewhat similar glass bracelets have been found as far west as Syria. If not locally made, such objects might have been taken by the ancient Lurs in payment for horses or bronze implements, or acquired through the common channels of war, trade, or services.

The Luristan pottery so far published is of a rather ordinary kind, showing nothing like the artistic feeling or technical elegance of the earlier ceramics of the Iranian plateau, such as the famous Susa I. and II. potteries, of which examples have been found at Nihavand, Persepolis, and Damghan, as well as in Elam itself. The Luristan potteries are of a somewhat crude character, and in general present no unusual features. Simple geometrical designs are fired on rather thick-walled vessels composed of a buff or reddish clay, sometimes polished. The shapes and patterns are of varying interest, and somewhat different from the bronzes, whose common pattern is the equilateral cross so characteristic of the early Elamitic pottery, such as Susa I., and which reappears so frequently as a Kassite symbol, tending to confirm other indications of considerable relations between the Kassites and Sumer. It is found on seals, but not on the bronzes. But it is not safe to underestimate the capacity of the Luristan craftsmen, for several excellently modelled terra-cotta animal figures have now been found. The most interesting, in addition to the small rams' heads, monkeys, and human figures, of which a few were shown at the London Exhibition, is a bull's

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 2. "A MAGNIFICENT PIECE": A STAND WITH CIRCULAR TOP, PROBABLY FOR HOLDING A ROUND-BOTTOMED BEAKER, OR SITULA (E.G. FIGS. 11 AND 12)—ONE OF THE FEW EXAMPLES SURVIVING.



FIG. 3. NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH LURISTAN ART, THOUGH FROM A NEIGHBOURING REGION: AN UGLY PRAYING FIGURE OF BRONZE FOUND IN PIRAVAND—ONE OF A GROUP CALLED SYRO-HITTITE (2ND MILLENNIUM B.C.).

This bronze is one of many found in a dolmen in Piravand, a region just north of Luristan. They have been called Syro-Hittite, and probably antedate the bulk of the Luristan bronzes.

¹ Mr. Rahim and his brother were closely associated with the finding of the bronzes at the height of the yield. He was in Luristan from October to December 1930, and a second time, from January to March 1931. His brother was in Kermanshah for ten consecutive months, collecting bronzes, taking repeated trips into the Lur country.

² A. Godard, "Les Bronzes du Luristan," Paris, 1932.

³ R. Dussaud, "Haches à douille de Type Asiatique," Syria, 1930.

ART AFFINITIES OF LURISTAN WITH ANCIENT CHINA AND MESOPOTAMIA.



FIG. 4. A PUZZLE TO METALLURGISTS: A MAJESTIC GOBLET OF HIGHLY POLISHED BLACK BRONZE WITH A CURIOUS FINISH, THE SECRET OF WHICH HAS NOT YET BEEN DISCOVERED.
(From the Kelekian Collection, Paris.)

Continued from preceding page.] head, about five inches long (Fig. 7). It is partly restored around the eye and horn. The bull head effigy was common from late Babylonian down to Achæmenian times. It was much favoured in Luristan, small, handsome bronze bull heads appearing as pendants to necklaces. It is possible that this head was the spout of a rhyton or drinking-horn, a form of vessel which was anticipated in Assyria and reached a splendid development at the hands of both the Scyths and the Achæmenians, and also the Persians. It is difficult to date a piece like this bull's head, but it might be somewhere between 1000 and 600 B.C. Some important new bowls, cups, and goblets in bronze have also appeared. Some of these are made of a highly-polished metal, of which various examples are already well known. This metal is usually a mirror black, although sometimes shaded with a rich brown. The polish is remarkable, almost recalling Giovanni di Bologna. Just how this high finish was acquired it is difficult to say. Professor Desch, of the University of Sheffield, is still working on the problem. He is inclined to see in it an etching technique of some kind. (The results of his metallurgical analyses of

[Continued above.]

various Luristan bronzes will be published in the "Survey of Persian Art.") This metal is used for a small group of melon-shaped bowls, thin, even, smooth, and of perfect workmanship. A handsome piece is in the collection of Mrs. Carl Holmes. The most notable example of work in this type of metal, however, is a majestic goblet belonging to Kelekian (Fig. 4). It is not only actually large, but it looks larger than it is. It would be hard to find a more dignified goblet of any place or period. This same metal or metal finish was used for a variety of objects besides the goblets and bowls. A few fine mirrors have been found, and one small boar's head, owned by Henry Mellhenny, is as remarkable for its lustrous jet patina as it is for its compact and forceful modelling. It is typical of a series of small animal heads. Other vessels and implements appeared to have originally been highly polished. Part of the cup shown in Fig. 11 still shines as if glazed. A characteristic Luristan form is the beaker or *situla*, probably used for libation purposes, which must have been set in a tripod or circular stand. Few of these have survived. By far the best is a magnificent piece in the Berlin Museum (Fig. 2). Notable examples of the beakers, too, have recently come to light, some so close in style to various Assyrian reliefs of the seventh or eighth century B.C. that they must be contemporary with them (Figs. 11 and 12). Others are more individual, showing a certain flash and intensity that seems to be more surely a mark of Luristan (Figs. 15 and 16). Even the familiar eagle-headed deity (Fig. 12) fertilising the palm seems to have perhaps an edge more of style and animation than in Assyrian representations, especially in the composition and sweep of the wing and the easy swing of the garments. A number of fine cups with *repoussé* designs have been known for some time. The best of these are ornamented with spirited moufflons and powerful confronted bulls; perhaps the finest is the one in the Berlin Museum (Fig. 6). But nothing quite equals the magnificent birds on two of these cups, that have just appeared. One (Figs. 8 and 9), owned by Rabenou, shows a sacred bird which a symbolic hunter, probably the king, is trying to catch. It looks like a young ostrich with an eagle's head. It is apparently the forerunner of the mythical phoenix, which is almost identical with it, but no representation of the bird in classical art can surpass the defiant energy of this alarmed and angry creature. It reaches one of the high points in animal

portraiture. The reverse of this cup (Fig. 9) gives the clearest contemporary portrait of a Luristan chief or warrior that we have. Details of costume and equipment are authoritatively represented. The suggestion made in "The Illustrated London News" for

[Continued above.]



FIG. 5. A BRONZE CUP WITH A T'AO T'IEH HEAD AS ON CHINESE VESSELS, REFLECTING SUMERIAN INFLUENCE. (C. 1000—800 B.C.)



FIGS. 8 AND 9. A FORERUNNER A SACRED BIRD (LEFT) PURSUED PROBABLY A LURISTAN KING:



FIGS. 11 AND 12. TWO SIDES OF A BEAKER IN ASSYRIAN STYLE: (LEFT) THE TREE OF LIFE ISSUING FROM A VASE WHENCE FLOW THE WATERS OF LIFE; (ON THE RIGHT) A GUARDIAN DEITY FERTILISING THE TREE. (SEVENTH OR EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.)



FIG. 13. A GLASS BRACELET WITH GLASS PASTE INLAY, GREEN, BLUE, DARK RED, AND YELLOW, THE EDGE CORDED WITH TWISTED BLACK AND WHITE MOULDING.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. ARTHUR UPHAM POPE. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE

NEW TREASURE FROM WESTERN PERSIA: BRONZES, POTTERY, AND GLASS.



FIG. 6. WITH A WINGED BULL FIERCER THAN THE HITTITE AND BABYLONIAN TYPES: A BRONZE CUP DECORATED IN REPOUSSÉ.



OF THE LEGENDARY PHOENIX: BY A SYMBOLIC HUNTER (RIGHT) TWO ASPECTS OF THE SAME CUP.

September 6, 1930, that the art of Luristan had vital connections with the art of the Scyths, and that elements of Luristan design were transmitted by the expansion of the Scythian culture to China in the Han period, has been borne out by a number of subsequent finds, which seem to have confirmed the opinion long ago held by Miss Traver, of the Hermitage, that many of the Scythian motives were created on Persian soil. We note, for example, a striking similarity between the shapes of some of the bronze vessels that have come to light and those of well-known Han types. The long-necked, maneless lions, so characteristic of the Luristan designs appear on some of the Han potteries, notably the Winkworth Vase. (For a fine illustration of these handsome animals, which still survive in India, cf. "The Illustrated London News," September 6, 1930, page 391; and September 13, 1930, colour page 1.) There are also rein-rings, which were recently found in Japan by Dr. Salmony, and which are very close to the Luristan rings, combining the T'ao T'ieh head and the familiar Gilgamesh figure struggling with the paws of the long-necked lions (Fig. 10). Similarly, a bronze vessel in the Berlin Museum, assigned to the Chou Period has animal-headed handles, recalling various Luristan pieces. Han vessels with birds perching on the rim are as common as their Luristan prototypes, while a crouching animal on the lid of a sacrificial vessel in the Wanick Collection in Paris repeats a very old Iranian motive and a favourite theme in Luristan. Perhaps the most important of these western Asiatic elements that reached China is the T'ao T'ieh mask. Borovka has advanced a theory, which he has supported by a series of Scythian examples, that this design slowly worked its way across Siberia with the eastward drift of Scythian culture. It was this general movement that supplied the Chinese with so much of their early animal style, a point originally raised and many times stressed by Professor Rostovtzeff. The lion mask or the T'ao T'ieh head is much more common in Luristan than in Scythian art. It appears in scores of examples, particularly on bracelets, although usually very summary in design and execution. There is one of real power and magnificence in the Reber Collection in Lausanne, which shows a T'ao T'ieh head modelled with unusual detail, very Chinese in appearance. The Luristan T'ao T'ieh heads are nearly all on axe-heads or bracelet finials, whereas in China they occur principally in low relief on the large bronze vessels; but Fig. 5 shows a Luristan cup, in the collection of Mrs. William H. Moore, with the T'ao T'ieh head in a highly developed form applied to the body of a vessel, occupying a place and space similar to that found on the Chinese vessels. Moreover, it is here, as in China, found in organic connection with the body of a dragon serpent, reflecting, of course, earlier Mesopotamian and Sumerian conceptions. The vessel is thicker-walled and heavier than any of the other cups, which warrants an earlier dating. An attribution to the period between 1000 and 800 could be well defended. How thoroughly penetrated by Luristan styles Scythian art was in some of its aspects is shown by Fig. 1, a Scythian bronze from the collection of Mrs. Carl Holmes of Node. It might easily pass for a Luristan. Once more Luristan, quite possibly because of its active trade in horses seems to furnish a connecting bridge between the most ancient art of Mesopotamia and the emergence of art in China. (Cf. W. Percival Yetts, "Chinese Contact with Luristan Bronzes," in Burlington Magazine, August, 1931). Professor Rostovtzeff is dubious about the trade in horses, which was first suggested by Professor Minorsky; but, even if the connection was not that of the horse trade, it was none the less effective through a more gradual culture penetration. A group of bronzes has appeared frequently during the last two years in the

[Continued on right.]



FIG. 7. A WELL-MODELLED BULL'S HEAD IN TERRACOTTA: AN EXAMPLE OF UNSUSPECTED VERSATILITY ON THE PART OF THE LURISTAN POTTERS. (ABOUT 5 IN. LONG.)



FIG. 10. A BRONZE ORNAMENT OF THE HAN PERIOD, CHINA, SHOWING MOTIVES DERIVED FROM LURISTAN BRONZES: (ABOVE) THE GILGAMESH FIGURE ATTACKED BY TWO LIONS AND STANDING ON A T'AO T'IEH HEAD.

market as Luristan. They are confined almost wholly to ugly human effigies, usually *orantes* (praying). Fig. 3 is a typical example. They are the product of a distinctly different culture. These bronzes, which Professor Langdon calls Syro-Hittite, date from the second millennium B.C. They have practically all been found in a place called Piravand, about six miles north of Taqi-Bustan, in the heart of rugged mountains. Here was found a typical Persian dolmen, on the interior of whose circular walls more than a hundred of these votive offerings were attached. Other curious objects at first seemed to be carved out of bone, but M. Dussaud has shown them to be very hard-fired clay (Fig. 14). They are convex discs with little loops on the back, by which they were suspended. As the fertility cult was well developed in Luristan, it is a fair guess that these are breast-protectors worn as part of some religious ceremony. This theory is reinforced by the band of pomegranates, for this was one of the major fertility symbols among the Assyrians. Some other interesting objects will be discussed and illustrated in a forthcoming issue of "The Illustrated London News."



FIG. 14. A CURIOUS OBJECT OF HARD-FIRED CLAY: PERHAPS A RITUAL BREAST-PROTECTOR—THE RING OF POMEGRANATES INDICATING A FERTILITY CULT.



FIGS. 15 AND 16. IBEX-SHOOTING IN ANCIENT LURISTAN: TWO SIDES OF A BRONZE CUP—(LEFT) A KING KNEELING TO DRAW HIS BOW, AND WEARING IN HIS BELT A SWORD LIKE MANY FOUND; (RIGHT) HIS QUARRY, AN IBEX RUNNING ACROSS MOUNTAINS.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



PIGMY BANDITS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

WHEN Linnæus, in 1758, laid the foundations of modern systematic zoology his task was a comparatively easy one, for he was able to give names to all the species then known to science.



FIG. 1. A REMARKABLE LITTLE PARASITE, GREATLY MAGNIFIED IN THE PHOTOGRAPH, WHICH LAYS ITS EGGS WITHIN THE EGGS OF OTHER INSECTS: A "CYNIPID" OF THE GENUS *KLEIDOTOMA*.

The formation of this microscopic species shows several peculiarities. In the photograph the two front wings are slightly displaced to show the notched tip. There is a long fringe of hairs round the wing edges. The wings are without "veins."

They numbered 4500. To-day the number of named species of insects alone amounts to more than half a million. And new species are coming to light every day! The term "insect," it should be remarked, does not include spiders and millipedes, but only such creatures as earwigs, grasshoppers, butterflies and moths, numbering some 50,000 species; beetles, numbering more than 200,000 species; ants, bees and wasps, flies, gnats, and fleas.

This vast assemblage all present a common plan of structure; but the variations on that plan, even when comparison goes no farther than between, say, a cockroach, a butterfly, a beetle, or a wasp, beget a feeling akin to bewilderment, so surprising are the contrasts they present. Each of the types is represented by thousands of different species, all again differing; some of exquisite beauty, some of strange and often grotesque shapes.

And they vary no less in their mode of life. Some are aquatic, some wingless, some are parasitic. All present larval stages, wherein they commonly bear not the slightest likeness to the adult form, as witness the caterpillar and the butterfly, or the maggot and the bee. In some, as in the Ephemeridæ, the adult life lasts no more than an hour or two, and hence this brief span of freedom has to be passed fasting, for the creatures have no mouth. Though the beauties and the marvels they display in the nature of their adjustments, either in structure or habit, to enable them to gain and hold a place in the sun are manifold, to a large number of people they make no appeal at all.

But whether we deign to notice them or not, they certainly play a very large part in our own well-being. For they attack our crops, our food, our clothing, our buildings, and even our hours of leisure, since mosquitoes and midges are more than merely irritating! Though St. John the Baptist found in locusts a satisfying diet, and others have since confirmed this, insects furnish the world at large with no food but honey, and no useful products but wax, silk, "lac," and cochineal. Finally, as carriers of deadly diseases they have few rivals. Among these I need mention only sleeping sickness, malaria, and the plague. But these three alone levy an appalling toll on human life.

Many causes have tended to encourage parasitism among the insects. And this aspect of their activities covers so vast a field that it would require whole volumes of books to survey it. Circumstances have lately conspired to focus my attention on some of these forms of parasitism, and I propose to devote this, and at least one other essay, at no distant date, to this theme, for it is one which cannot fail to interest even the most incurious.

The largest insect known is a dragon-fly (*Meganeura*) of the carboniferous, which measured over 2 ft. across the wings. Our atlas-moth of to-day, though it measures nearly a foot across the wings, is entirely dwarfed by comparison. Against these giants I am now going to pit three "flies" which have the distinction of being the smallest insects known; the largest would fit quite comfortably inside the letter "o" on this page! Yet, as will be seen in the adjoining photographs, highly magnified, they are as perfectly formed as the giants of the tribe. It is as if one were to reduce a full-grown man, after the fashion of Alice in Wonderland, to one-tenth of an inch high! We cannot but marvel at the consummation of such great perfection in bodies so drastically reduced. But even more astonishing is their mode of life; for each of these three has become parasitic on other insects, and this after a very strange fashion, for they have contrived to lay their eggs *within* the eggs of their victims. But of this more presently.

For the moment let me draw attention to the peculiarities of their wings. The rest of the body is typical of that of any ordinary hymenopterous insect. In Fig. 1 is shown what I must here be content to call a "Cynipid"—that is to say, it is one of the "gall-wasps," which has adopted a new mode of propagating its race. I cannot be more precise, because very little is yet known about these Lilliputians, and not even the experts at the British Museum could identify the species which was the subject of this photograph. We got it down at last to be one of the genus *Kleidotoma*. And this on account of the form of its wings. In none of these

peculiarity in this particular species is the sprinkling of hairs over the surface, the notched tip to the two front wings, and the fringe of hairs around the edges of both the broad front- and the narrow hind-wing.

In Fig. 2 is seen *Trichogramma evanescens*, one of the nearly related "Chalcid" flies—that is to say, it is one of the "Chalcidæ," to which the "rose- and gall-fly" belongs. There are no fewer than 4000 known species of this family, of which 3000 are European and a large number are British. Note the very different form of the fore-wings, and the arrangement of the hairs in lines. The hind-wings are reduced to a rod-like state. It lays its eggs in the eggs of *Donacia simplex*, a water-beetle having no name in common speech—and hence, in the pursuit of victims, it has to leave the upper air



FIG. 2. *TRICHOGRAMMA EVANESCENS*, GREATLY MAGNIFIED, WHICH LAYS ITS EGGS INSIDE THOSE OF A WATER-BEETLE: A PARASITE WHICH MUST INSTITUTE A CAREFUL UNDER-WATER SEARCH BEFORE IT CAN PROPAGATE ITS SPECIES.

The wings differ conspicuously from those of *kleidotoma* in shape, and in having the hairs arranged in lines.

and hunt in the waters below, swimming by means of its legs. One would have thought that hunting for a needle in a haystack would be an easier task than that of *Trichogramma* hunting for these beetle-eggs. But found they must be, or the house of *Trichogramma* falls. Incidentally, I may remark that another of these "Chalcids," *Alaplus magnanimous*, is the smallest known insect, measuring no more than half a millimetre, just a shade thicker than the stem of the letter "l" on this page.

Finally, we come to the "fairy flies," of which there are many species. *Mymar pulchellus* (Fig. 3) is the only specimen of the genus I can lay hands on at the moment, but it will serve. Here the fore-wings are of a quite extraordinary shape, having, it will be seen, the form of a long rod with a vane at its tip, fringed with hairs. The hind-wings were too small and delicate to show on the photographic plate. The species I wanted to show was *Polynema natans*, discovered seventy years ago by Lord Avebury. Imagine his amazement when he found it swimming about in his aquarium by means of its wings. But these have become so specialised for this purpose that they can no longer be used for flight.

The aquatic excursions have to be brief, for the creature is an air-breather, and goes down into the "deeps" to hunt for eggs of dragon-flies, and other aquatic insects, wherein to lay its own, the larvæ of which, of course, when they hatch, feed on the contents of the egg and so destroy it. That these tiny miscreants should contrive to pierce the shell and lay one egg within the egg of its victim is marvel enough, but as many as twenty grubs were on one occasion found within the egg of a North-American swallow-tailed butterfly (*Papilio turnus*), for only a few species seek the water for their progeny.

I have not told the half of what is to be told of these most wonderful insects. Hence I propose to return to this theme on another occasion, for I feel sure that my readers will like to know more of this strange group.



FIG. 3. ONE OF THE "FAIRY FLIES," OF WHICH THERE ARE MANY SPECIES: *MYMAR PULCHELLUS*, WHOSE HIND-WINGS WERE TOO SMALL AND DELICATE TO SHOW ON THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE.

The "fairy flies" are nearly related to the Chalcidæ, to which the rose- and gall-fly belongs. This should be compared with Fig. 2, which is a chalcid. All the species are egg-parasites, and one of them, *Polynema natans*, although an air-breather, swims with its wings under water in its search for eggs of dragon-flies.

Photographs by Messrs. Flatters and Garnett.

three do the wings show "veins," or "nervures," such as are to be seen in the wings of, say, the house-fly and the bee, where they form a delicate network stretched across the wing to give strength. A further

The Glory of Mediaeval Glass: A Thirteenth-Century Window.



FRENCH STAINED GLASS OF THE 13TH CENTURY: THE ST. NICHOLAS WINDOW IN AUXERRE CATHEDRAL.

On this and the succeeding page we illustrate, in all the beauty of their actual colours, some wonderful examples of French mediæval stained glass from the Cathedral of St. Etienne at Auxerre, one of the few in France, besides those of Chartres and Bourges, which have preserved thirteenth-century windows. That shown above represents scenes from

the life of St. Nicholas. A French writer, quoted in connection with our other reproductions, mentions that the Auxerre glass suffered from Huguenot vandalism, and that subsequent restorations were unsatisfactory, but that a new restoration has lately been undertaken. The specimens illustrated were evidently among those that escaped injury.

"Storied Windows Richly Dight": The Stained Glass of Auxerre.



THE CENTRAL MEDALLION OF THE ST. JOHN WINDOW (SHOWN BELOW) IN AUXERRE CATHEDRAL: THE APOSTLE SEES THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE CLOTHED WITH THE SUN AND CROWNED WITH STARS.

and St. Germain were combined in the same window. At the end of last century, an effort was begun to remedy this state of things. In 1866 and 1873 the brothers Veissière restored the high windows, and in 1874 two historical windows of the ambulatory. In 1879 and 1880, those of the apsidal chapel were similarly repaired by M. Leprévost. All the other windows remained in the ruinous condition in which Pigal had left them. To-day, happily, they have been saved and re-leaded, through a successful appeal made by the Duke of Trévise, President of the Sauvegarde de l'Art Français. The initial expense was borne by an Italian benefactor, Signor Mazotti Biancinelli. The Friends of the Cathedral gave generous help, the 'Fine Arts' did the rest, and M. A. David has been enabled to carry out a memorable work which will ever be associated with his name in the cathedral's history. We cannot, of course, see in the restored glass the exact aspect intended by the thirteenth-century craftsmen. The lost panels are irreplaceable, and those which enchant us to-day bear some marks of hard usage. Nevertheless, in its present condition, this collection of glass is one of the richest and most beautiful in the world. It deserves to be better known. The coloured reproductions are more eloquent than any verbal description. They tell us plainly that the old glass-makers of Auxerre can rival the most famous masterpieces of their art."

IN a recent description of Auxerre and its art treasures, a French writer, M. René Fourrey, says, with reference to the Cathedral of St. Etienne in that city: "One can quickly enumerate the French cathedrals which have preserved their thirteenth-century stained glass, and everyone knows that Chartres and Bourges are highly privileged in this respect. On the other hand, many people are ignorant of the fact that Auxerre guards jealously, in its choir windows, a collection of the first quality and of considerable importance. I must confess, however, that the Auxerre glass was for the most part in a lamentable condition until the recent work of restoration. After the passage of the Huguenots, a glass-maker named Figal was entrusted with the salvage of panels that had escaped destruction, and his work was deplorable. Incongruous fragments were mixed up together. One found the Apostle St. James and the sage Hermogenes side by side with Adam and Eve. Here, the story of St. Eloi followed visions of the Apocalypse; there, the legends of St. Peter, St. Martin,



EXQUISITE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY STAINED GLASS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. ETIENNE AT AUXERRE: THE WINDOW OF ST. JOHN, REPRESENTING THE LEGEND OF THE APOSTLE AND HIS APOCALYPTIC VISIONS.



THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE IN BELFAST: A DEMONSTRATION OF RELIEF WORKERS ON STRIKE, WHOSE ATTEMPT TO ORGANISE A GREAT MARCH OF UNEMPLOYED WAS PROHIBITED BY THE AUTHORITIES.



RIOTERS (SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND) THROWING VOLLEYS OF STONES AT THE POLICE: A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN BALACLAVA STREET, IN THE FALLS ROAD AREA OF BELFAST, SHOWING THE ROADWAY AND PAVEMENT STREWN WITH STONES USED AS MISSILES.

THE BELFAST RIOTS: ARMOURED CAR PATROLS; BARRICADES; STONE-THROWING.



INHABITANTS OF DISTURBED AREAS COMPELLED TO REPLACE ROAD PAVING-STONES USED BY STRIKERS FOR BUILDING STREET BARRICADES: A SCENE IN THE FALLS ROAD DISTRICT AFTER ORDER WAS RESTORED.



MR. TOM MANN ARRIVING AT EUSTON ON HIS RETURN FROM BELFAST: THE COMMUNIST LEADER WHO WAS FORBIDDEN TO REMAIN THERE.



BARRICADES OF PAVING-STONES IN BAKER STREET, IN THE CULLINGTREE ROAD DISTRICT: A PLACE WHERE FIERCE FIGHTING OCCURRED.



AN ARMOURED CAR COVERED WITH A "CAGE" AS A PROTECTION AGAINST BOMBS AND MISSILES: ONE OF MANY USED FOR PATROLLING THE STREETS DURING THE DISTURBANCES.



POLICE CAPTURING A RIOTER WHO HAD FALLEN DOWN WHILE RUNNING AWAY: AN INCIDENT AFTER A MÊLÉE IN TEMPLEMORE AVENUE, BELFAST.

Serious riots broke out in Belfast on October 11. The trouble originated when several thousand distress relief workers, who were on strike for higher pay from the Board of Guardians, decided to form a huge demonstration and procession of unemployed. In view of disturbances on a similar occasion a week before, the Government prohibited the demonstration. Police and armoured "cage" cars patrolled districts where demonstrators were to assemble; some strike leaders were arrested; and scenes of violence began. The rioters dug trenches and built barricades in the streets, and stoned the police, who made repeated baton charges. The fire brigade was called to three incendiary outbreaks. In one district firing occurred, and a man, said to be an onlooker, was shot dead. About 18 people

were taken to hospital, and another man died later. There were 48 arrests. On the next day, rioting and stone-throwing were resumed. The police had to open fire with rifles, thus dispersing the mob, but causing no casualties. Many more arrests were made, and the barricades were removed, local inhabitants being compelled to replace the paving-stones used in constructing them. The trouble ended on October 15, when the terms offered by the Government and the Guardians were accepted. Meanwhile, the welcome news had come that Messrs. Workman, Clark, the shipbuilders, had obtained orders enabling them to employ many men for eighteen months. Mr. Tom Mann arrived in Belfast on the 14th, but was forbidden to remain and left the same night.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

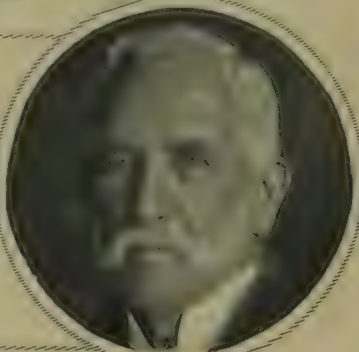


COLONEL EVELYN

Colonel Commanding the Coldstream Guards. Died October 11. Married Lady Helena Cambridge, second daughter of the first Marquess of Cambridge, in 1919. Served in the Boer War and 1914-1919.

SIR WILLIAM CARTER.

Thirteen times Mayor of Windsor. Died October 14; aged eighty-four. Began life as a painter and decorator, later becoming a gardener, and finally entering the Prudential Assurance Company's service.



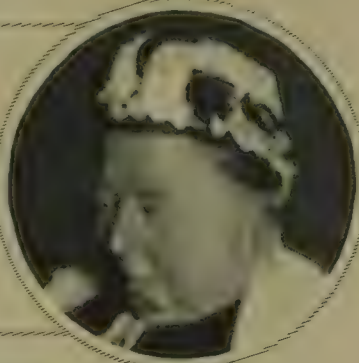
MRS. PAWLEY: A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ENGLISH-WOMAN CAPTURED BY MANCHURIAN BANDITS.

It was learned at the Foreign Office on October 17 that reassuring news had been received of Mrs. Pawley and Mr. Corkran, who were carried off by bandits from Newchang on September 7, and had been held captive since. It was stated that a hopeful view was being taken of the negotiations with the bandits.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

THE HON. KATHERINE PLUNKET.

Miss Plunket, who died on October 14 at the age of 111, remembered sitting on Sir Walter Scott's knee. She had lived under five Sovereigns, and would have been 112 in November.



CAPT. POPLER.

The famous Czech steeplechase rider who came to England to ride his own horse, Gyi Lovam in the Grand National, 1931. Killed, October 16, while riding in the Kinsky Memorial Race at Pardubice.



THE EX-KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

It was announced on October 13 that the ex-Khedive of Egypt, H.H. Abbas Hilmi II., had arrived in London on the previous day from Paris. His visit, it was stated, was a purely personal one, and would last about a fortnight. Abbas Hilmi (who is a nephew of King Fuad of Egypt) was dethroned in 1914 after the nomination of his uncle, Hussein Kamel. His permanent residence is now stated to be in Turkey.



PRINCESS SYBILLE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA AND PRINCE GUSTAVE ADOLPHE OF SWEDEN.

The wedding of Princess Sybille of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to Prince Gustave Adolphe of Sweden, son of the Crown Prince, was arranged to take place on October 20. Both bride and bridegroom are related to the British Royal Family. Prince Arthur of Connaught and his sister, Lady Patricia Ramsay, uncle and aunt of the Prince, left London some days previously, to attend the wedding.



MR. SAMUEL INSULL.

Mr. Samuel Insull, who, like his brother, Mr. Martin Insull, is under indictment in Chicago for alleged embezzlement, was arrested on October 10 in Athens at the request of the United States Legation. He was set at liberty on the following afternoon, as the Greek authorities decided that, the extradition treaty between Greece and the U.S.A. being not yet complete, there was no legal warrant for detaining him.



THE ABORTIVE RESUMPTION OF NEGOTIATIONS ON THE IRISH LAND ANNUITIES QUESTION: MR. DE VALERA IN WHITEHALL GARDENS.

Mr. De Valera left Kingstown on October 13 for London, to resume negotiations with the British Government on the subject of the Land Annuities, and other financial matters in dispute. The total amount in dispute is about £5,000,000 yearly, £2,900,000 of which is made up of the land annuities payments. After lasting throughout Friday and Saturday, the negotiations broke down on Saturday evening. Mr. De Valera and other Free State delegates left for Dublin on the night of October 16.



THE FRANCO-BRITISH DISARMAMENT TALKS IN LONDON: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD CHATting WITH M. HERRIOT AT VICTORIA STATION.

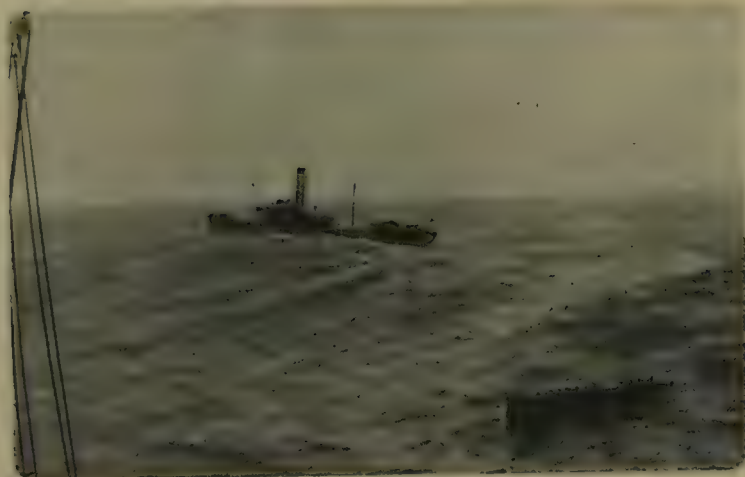
Conversations between Mr. MacDonald, M. Herriot, Sir John Simon, and the French Ambassador about the difficulties which have arisen over Disarmament took place at 10, Downing Street on October 13. It was stated that, as the result of the conversations (which ended on October 14, M. Herriot leaving Victoria at 4 p.m.), it was hoped that it would be possible to hold the Four-Power Conference previously suggested by the British Government, though the place of meeting would not be London.

A
WINDOW
ON THE
WORLD:
NEWS
ITEMS OF
TOPICAL
INTEREST.



LOSSIEMOUTH HIGH CHURCH GUTTED BY FIRE: THE PRIME MINISTER'S PLACE OF WORSHIP DESTROYED, TOGETHER WITH ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE CHURCH, EXCEPT THE PULPIT BIBLE.

Lossiemouth High Church, of which the Prime Minister and his family are members, and which he attends for worship when he is staying at his Scottish home, was completely destroyed by fire on October 16. The only article saved was the large pulpit Bible, which the beadle, Mr. A. Mackay, managed to rescue from the vestry after groping through dense smoke. A Bible belonging to the Prime Minister, presented to him during his last trip to America, was among those destroyed. A gale was blowing at the time of the fire, with the result that the church, with its woodwork of pitch pine, was soon blazing from end to end.



CALIGULA'S SECOND GALLEY RAISED FROM LAKE NEMI: THE BLACK HULK BEING MOVED UP AN INCLINED PLANE.

On many previous occasions we have illustrated stages in the recovery from Lake Nemi of the Emperor Caligula's two galleys, or state barges, which have lain submerged for nearly 2000 years. The charred hulk of the second galley is now slowly on its way to safety in a specially constructed hut.



A DRAMATIC RESCUE IN THE BAY OF BISCAY: THE "LANCASTRIA'S" LIFEBOAT NEARING THE "SCHELDESTAD."

Early in the morning of October 10, the Cunard liner "Lancastria" received a distress signal from the "Scheldestad," a Belgian steamer, whose engine-room had become flooded during the heavy weather. Notwithstanding the heavy seas, the "Lancastria" lowered a boat, which, after strenuous exertions, succeeded in rescuing all on board the "Scheldestad."



THE CANADIAN NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL ERECTED IN HYDE PARK—BEFORE TRANSFERENCE TO OTTAWA.

This massive war memorial, eventually to be set up in Confederation Square, Ottawa, has been temporarily erected in Hyde Park prior to its shipment to Canada. The work has taken six years to execute, and has been carried out by the March brothers, of Farnborough, Kent.



DR. BEEBE'S RECORD DESCENT IN HIS BATHYSPHERE; (ABOVE) SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW.

On September 22, Dr. William Beebe descended in his bathysphere 2200 feet below the ocean surface near Bermuda. His description of marine life was transmitted by wireless from the air-tight ball during the descent, and relayed to New York.



THE NEW BELFRY AT LILLE FLOOD-LIT: INAUGURATION IN WHICH THE GRENADEER GUARDS BAND TOOK PART.

The new belfry of the town hall of Lille was officially opened on October 16. By special invitation of the French Government, the Grenadier Guards band, under the direction of Captain George Miller, took part in the ceremony. The new belfry is over 300 feet high.

THE LEGAL FACE: STUDIES IN JUDICIAL EXPRESSION AT THE REOPENING OF THE LAW COURTS.



LORD JUSTICE SCRUTTON
(THE RT. HON. SIR T. EDWARD SCRUTTON).



MR. JUSTICE LAWRENCE
(THE HON. SIR GEOFFREY LAWRENCE).



MR. JUSTICE DU PARCQ
(THE HON. SIR HERBERT
DU PARCQ).

MR. JUSTICE MACNAGHTEN
(THE HON. SIR MALCOLM
MACNAGHTEN).



MR. JUSTICE GODDARD
(THE HON. SIR RAYNER
GODDARD).

MR. JUSTICE SWIFT
(THE HON. SIR RICHARD
P. W. SWIFT).



THE RT. HON. LORD MERRIVALE: PRESIDENT, PROBATE,
DIVORCE, AND ADMIRALTY DIVISION.



THE RT. HON. LORD HANWORTH, THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.



MR. JUSTICE AVORY
(THE HON. SIR HORACE E. AVORY).



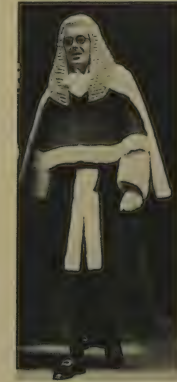
THE RT. HON. LORD HEWART, THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.



THE RT. HON. LORD SANKEY, THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.



MR. JUSTICE GORKIN
(THE HON. SIR THOMAS G. GORKIN).



MR. JUSTICE LANGTON
(THE HON. SIR GEORGE F. LANGTON).



LORD JUSTICE ROMER
(THE RT. HON. SIR MARK LEMON ROMER).



MR. JUSTICE EVE
(THE HON. SIR HARRY TRELAWNEY EVE).



THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR IN THE PROCESSION, PRECEDED
BY THE MACE-BEARER AND THE PURSE-BEARER.

In these days of uniformity of garb, it is not always easy to tell a man's business by his face, but it remains true that certain professions seem to attract certain types. In no case is this more evident than in that of the lawyer: even without wig and robe he is apt to be recognised for what he is. Witness the photographs here given, which were taken on the occasion of the re-opening of the Law Courts for the Michaelmas Sittings. As is customary, there was a special service at Westminster Abbey, which was attended by the Lord Chancellor, most of the judges, and many King's Counsel and members of the Junior Bar; and Red Mass was said at Westminster Cathedral. Also according to custom, the Lord Chancellor headed a procession along the Central Hall of the Law Courts before the Judges took their seats in the Courts.



MR. JUSTICE BRANSON (THE HON. SIR GEORGE A. H. BRANSON) AND (RIGHT)
MR. JUSTICE ROCHE (THE HON. SIR ALEXANDER A. ROCHE).



LORD JUSTICE LAWRENCE
(THE RT. HON. SIR PAUL ODEN LAWRENCE).

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our series of occasional articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

NEXT month the American people is going to elect its President. With the elections to the Reichstag, if they take place before the end of December, it will be the last of the great electoral consultations of the year, such an arduous one for universal suffrage. Externally, the Presidential elections of 1932 differ in nothing from the preceding ones. As usual, the supremacy is disputed by two candidates: a Republican and a Democrat. The respective positions of the two parties do not appear to have changed. But the elections of 1932 are taking place in the midst of the gravest disturbances that the United States have known since the War of Secession. We must not forget to take these disturbances into account when following the vicissitudes and judging the results of the elections.

Literature, in Europe, has for the past several years been concentrating furiously on the United States. A writer who denounces them as being responsible for all the vices and the pattern of all the follies that afflict our times is certain of finding a public. Personally, I find that literature in danger of being more inclined to pander to the vanity of Europe than to give a true idea of the real faults of America. The latter lie beyond the reach of the easy invective and sarcasm of men of letters.

I saw the United States for the first time in 1909: and I visited them again in 1931. I have done my best to follow their development in the course of that long interval. In my opinion, no impartial observer can deny that, during the last half-century, no other Western people has made such a strenuous, multiple, and obstinate effort to do something worth while with its great wealth, to find new sources of happiness for mankind, to come near to an ideal and become a great civilisation, and—to employ a somewhat abstract philosophical formula—to turn quantity into quality, which is, at bottom, the great problem of wealth.

The effort became still more strenuous during the World War and the years that followed it, as the riches of the world flowed more and more to the United States. The Americans put these riches, so rapidly acquired, to the most varied uses; but they also utilised them for the development of education, the refinement of manners and tastes, the embellishment of their towns and dwellings, the princely endowment of charities, and the tightening up of the ties of social solidarity. For instance, they have

succeeded in making the masses of their people into the best-mannered in existence at the present time. When I returned to Europe last year, I might almost have thought myself in the realm of bad manners.

The effort has been tremendous; it cannot be denied. But we must also acknowledge the fact that, for the moment, the result is, to say the least of it, disappointing: a desperate accumulation of failures, tangles, privations, and difficulties for all classes of society. The enigma of America resides in that contradiction between effort and result. Those who can see in the United States nothing more than a heap of ignorant and coarse barbarians try to settle the problem by refusing to notice its existence. If the Americans were nothing but ignorant barbarians, grown fabulously rich by some undeserved stroke of luck, it would be easy to explain the disorder in which they are struggling. But they study; they risk and toil, far more than the Europeans, in order to create order and happiness: why has the result so far baffled all their efforts?

The question is an obscure and complex one. It admits of many answers. One cause of its failure might be attributed to certain flaws in the effort. If by practical spirit we mean the sense of what is possible and what impossible, then the American has much less of it than the European. However, he possesses, far more than the European, the spirit of organisation and the capacity to proportion and co-ordinate the effort to attain his end; but, much more than the European, he is inclined to allow himself to be carried away by dazzling visions, and he often ends in applying that effort to aims that are either impossible or of a difficulty that he only realises in the course of action. In addition, the United States collectively, as a

country, are very little centralised. Their activity is very intense, but it is regulated by no plan of *ensemble*. Separate efforts often contradict, and sometimes cancel, each other. Criticism of this sort could be multiplied indefinitely.



THE REPUBLICAN PARTY'S CANDIDATE IN THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION: MR. HERBERT HOOVER, THE PRESENT PRESIDENT, AT HIS RAPIDAN CAMP, VIRGINIA, WITH MRS. HOOVER—AND DOG "WEEJIE."

The United States Presidential election takes place in November. The President's term of office expires on March 4, 1933. It will be recalled that Mr. Herbert Clark Hoover was elected President in November 1928, and took the oath and made his inaugural speech on March 4 of the following year. He was the thirty-first President of the U.S.A. Mrs. Hoover was Miss Lou Henry; and the marriage took place in 1899.

Being unable to study the question under all its aspects, I shall confine myself to insisting on the one point that seems to me to be of primary importance at a time when the American people is about to re-elect a President. If the United States now find themselves in such serious difficulties, it is because they are also suffering from a profound political disorder. Of all the evils that beset them, the political evil is probably the most serious; and it arises from a grave error committed half a century ago by the upper classes. The upper classes of America, after the War of Secession, made a great effort of money, brains, will, and work to enrich, educate, develop, and civilise the huge continent that they had in their possession. They made practically no effort to improve the State and its institutions: they allowed themselves to be gained by the other side of the Atlantic, by the political indolence that was common to the upper classes of the entire West from 1870 to 1914: like the upper classes of Europe, they, too, shifted all care for the order of the world on to Russia and Germany.

"On to Russia and Germany?" asks the reader in some astonishment. Yes, on to Russia and Germany. That is one of the secrets of the history of the nineteenth century—there are so many of them!—that it is essential to know if we wish to explain, understand, and cure the present disorder of the world. From 1870 to 1914 the West enjoyed peace, order, and liberty almost without effort. Everywhere the great political struggles that had been upsetting Europe and America since the outbreak of the American Revolution had at last quieted down; everywhere, with a few exceptions—Russia, for instance—a system of moderated liberty had established itself hand in hand with the traditions and authoritative institutions of the old régime: the revolutionary parties, including the Socialist Party, adapted themselves to this mixed form of government and upheld it while checking and finding fault with it: in Europe, one great Republic, France, seats itself firmly in the midst of the monarchies: and the Republic of the United States of America gets itself accepted by the dynasties of Europe who, during the first half of the century, had looked upon it mainly as a bad example. An almost spontaneous order seemed to reign throughout the entire earth. For forty-four years, humanity, without realising it, lived its happiest time.

But the order enjoyed by the West was spontaneous only in appearance. In reality it was the work of two great forces that were acting unwittingly and involuntarily in the same sense: Russia and Germany. From 1815 to

(Continued on page 636)



THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY'S CANDIDATE IN THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION: MR. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK STATE, WITH MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY.

On a fourth ballot, Mr. Roosevelt obtained 945 votes against 190½ given to Mr. "Al" Smith, and thus secured the necessary two-thirds majority. He is here seen seated on the left. Next to him is his wife, with Anna Dall, a granddaughter. Next in the front row are Mrs. Curtis Dall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, with her son, Curtis; and Mrs. James D. Roosevelt, Mr. Roosevelt's mother. Standing (left to right) are Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt jun. and Messrs. James and John Roosevelt, the three sons of Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, and his son-in-law, Mr. Curtis Dall.

THE CAVE OF THE CUMÆAN SIBYL: A GREAT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.

ARTICLE AND PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED BY THE DISCOVERER, PROFESSOR MAIURI, KEEPER OF THE NAPLES MUSEUM AND SUPERINTENDENT OF ARCHEOLOGY IN CAMPANIA.

DESCRIBING his memorable discovery, Professor Maiuri writes: "The great works of excavation conducted for several successive seasons, from 1925 to 1930, in the acropolis of the Greek city of Cumæ (in Campania), had already attained important results when the year of the Virgilian celebration marked a necessary pause for a general survey. The excavation of the Temple of Apollo had been completed, and the so-called Temple of Jove had been discovered, crowning like a fortress the summit of the acropolis. There had also been found and excavated the gigantic subterranean gallery traversing the whole of Mount Cuma, for a length of about 200 metres from east to west, like a splendid road, with an entrance hall, lamp-stands and light-shafts, and spacious and awe-inspiring caverns cut in the tufa rock, with huge cisterns for water. The monumental and mysterious character of this gallery, its situation, and the type of its tufa structures, suggested that, though adapted to the needs of underground traffic, it must be identified with the famous cave of the Cumæan Sibyl described by Virgil in the sixth book of the "Æneid," and by pagan and Christian poets and writers. It has been supposed that during the civil war Octavius and Agrippa had a gallery cut through the sacred Sibylline cave for military purposes. This is a plausible explanation, but not entirely satisfactory to those who have long considered the matter on the spot, seeking more precise correspondence between the testimony of the ancients and the nature of this subterranean gallery. Doubt is sometimes

[Continued opposite.]



THE SHRINE (CELLA) IN THE CAVE OF THE SIBYL DISCOVERED ON MOUNT CUMA WHERE IN ANCIENT ROMAN DAYS SHE PRONOUNCED THE ORACLES OF APOLLO "ONE OF THE MOST VENERABLE SANCTUARIES OF ITALY AND THE ANCIENT WORLD."

the progenitor of the truth, particularly in the arduous task of identifying and determining sites and monuments of secret cults and religions. Therefore, during the last few months, I resumed the exploration of this locality, and a minute and careful search was crowned with success. A few steps away from the already discovered gallery, a fault in the mountain and dense vegetation concealed the true cave of the oracular cult. The way of access thereto was a subterranean passage cut out in the tufa, and used by local peasants as a storage place for agricultural implements and wine. The magnificent gallery, fully 120 metres (about 125 yards) long, cut in trapezoidal shape, with twelve smaller lateral galleries, all filled with earth, but of Greek workmanship and pattern, led to that unique enclosure at the far end, as the *dromos* of a tomb leads to a sepulchral chamber. Any funerary character being out of the question, here evidently was a place of mysterious and subterranean rites, such as those of the Sibyl at Cumæ. The excavation of the principal gallery and minor galleries having been completed in little more than two months, and the *cella* (shrine) having been cleared of accumulated earth, the entire monument appeared as it is described by an anonymous Christian writer of the fourth century of the Empire; that is, as a true subterranean basilica cut in the rock, grandiose and imposing as a temple. There is no doubt that in this unique structure we must recognise the Cave of the Sibyl, one of the most venerable sanctuaries of Italy and the ancient world."



THE OPENING INTO THE GREAT ROCK-CUT GALLERY (ON THE LEFT), 125 YARDS LONG, LIT BY SUNLIGHT ENTERING THROUGH LATERAL PASSAGES, AND LEADING TO THE CELLA (ON THE RIGHT): ANOTHER VIEW IN THE NEWLY DISCOVERED CAVE OF THE SIBYL, DESCRIBED BY VIRGIL IN THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE "ÆNEID" AS THE PLACE WHERE SHE PROPHESIED TO ÆNEAS THE FOUNDATION OF ROME.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE CREW OF THE WRECKED "MONTE NEVOSO" RESCUED BY THE CROMER LIFEBOAT: COXSWAIN HENRY BLOGG AT THE WHEEL; AND A DOG SAVED FROM THE SHIP.

The Italian cargo-steamer "Monte Nevoso," of 5843 tons, went aground on the Haisbro' Sand off the Norfolk coast on the night of Friday, October 14. Twenty-nine of the crew were taken off the following day by the Cromer lifeboat; but four men, Captain Salvatore, the chief officer, the chief engineer, and the wireless operator, refused to leave the vessel. The lifeboat returned to the scene on



THE ITALIAN CARGO-STEAMER "MONTE NEVOSO" (LEFT) AGROUND ON THE HAISBRO' SAND OFF THE NORFOLK COAST; AND THE CROMER LIFEBOAT (CENTRE), WHICH RESCUED THE CREW.

Sunday, but by then the steamer had broken up, and the four missing men, after drifting about in one of the ship's boats, had been found by a motor-smack and towed to Lowestoft. The "Monte Nevoso," owned by the S.A. Co-operativa "Garibaldi," was bound from Rosario to Hull with a cargo of grain. Great courage and endurance was displayed by the Cromer lifeboatmen, who, under Coxswain Henry Blogg, the only "Double V.C." of the lifeboat service, completed 77 hours at sea, with a northerly gale blowing during much of the time.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO NORWICH: CROWDS LINING THE STREETS TO CHEER HER MAJESTY AS SHE LEFT THE GUILDHALL, AFTER INSPECTING THE CIVIC REGALIA.

On October 15 the Queen paid a visit to Norwich to open the new Queen Alexandra Memorial Nurses' Home at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, and to fulfil several other engagements. All the streets of the old town were decorated, and her Majesty was accorded an enthusiastic reception. Her first engagement was at the Guildhall, where she was shown the ancient civic regalia and the sword presented to Norwich by Nelson after it had been surrendered to him by



HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO NORWICH: THE QUEEN'S STANDARD, WHICH IS SELDOM SEEN, FLOWN IN HER HONOUR.

the Spanish admiral at the battle of Cape St. Vincent. Later her Majesty opened the new Nurses' Home—a four-storey building containing 170 rooms which cost £30,000 to build. Its opening marked the completion of an extensive scheme of hospital development in Norwich. Her Majesty ceremonially received over 400 purses, which were individually presented to her at the hospital. Contributions had been made to them by almost every village in the county.



THE DERAILMENT OF THE PARIS-BASLE EXPRESS: THE WRECKAGE AT VILLEPAUVRÉ-PRESLES AFTER THE ACCIDENT, IN WHICH SIXTEEN PEOPLE WERE INJURED.

Sixteen passengers were slightly injured when the Paris-Basle express, on the morning of October 11, left the rails at Villepauvre-Presles, twenty-eight miles from Paris. The train was running at sixty-five miles an hour when the engine, through some unknown cause, suddenly jumped the rails, carrying with it two vans and five passenger coaches, which ploughed their way for fifty yards before stopping. Our photograph shows the wreckage blocking the line.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT GLASGOW: CROWDS SURROUNDING THE CAR AS THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES LEFT MESSRS. TEMPLETON'S CARPET WORKS.

The Duke and Duchess of York concluded their visit to Glasgow on October 13, when they called at the carpet works of Messrs. Templeton in the east end of the city. On the previous day the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws had been conferred on their Royal Highnesses at Glasgow University by the Chancellor, Sir Donald MacAlister. Twenty-five years ago the King and Queen, then Prince and Princess of Wales, had graciously accepted the same degree.



A POTTERY PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS IN HER FIRST LONG DRESS.

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth gave special sittings to Miss Phyllis Simpson, the pottery artist, so that she might execute this model of her little Royal Highness in her first long dress—the 'frock she wore when acting as bridesmaid to Lady May Abel Smith (formerly Lady May Cambridge) last year. The model is six inches high and is correct in every detail. The colour photograph of the model was taken by Miss Violet K. Blaiklock and has been specially approved by H.R.H. the Duchess of York for reproduction.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VIOLET K. BLAICKLOCK, F.R.P.S.; FROM THE POTTERY PORTRAIT BY PHYLLIS SIMPSON.



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The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

HAROLD LLOYD IN "MOVIE CRAZY."

IN a recent interview with Mr. Harold Lloyd, the famous comedian is reported as having said that he cherishes no secret ambition to appear as "Hamlet," a remark obviously inspired by the gossip surrounding another famous droll of the screen, and to be accepted, on the face of it, in the spirit of jest. But Mr. Lloyd's new picture, for which he has kept us waiting some considerable time, finds its most surprising element in the revelation of its ingenuous, be-spectacled hero's powers as a serious actor. As a story, "Movie Crazy" has no great originality to commend it. Its use of the Hollywood studios "from the inside" as a background follows the American vogue of the moment. The public is becoming gradually initiated into all the secrets of film-making (whether wisely or not is, for the moment, beside the point), and will scarcely discover the thrill of novelty in the paraphernalia of the sets, the routine of the "shooting," or the tribulations of "test rushes." As far as all this business is concerned, the gilt is off the gingerbread. Still, the adventures of a screen-struck youth who, on the strength of a handsome photograph accidentally submitted instead of his own, invades Hollywood and finally blunders into fame, serve well enough for a spring-board into those ludicrous predicaments which will for ever be associated with the name of Lloyd. And if his gallant struggles with a charming stranger's car, nearly demolished in the process of rearing its load, or his pursuit of his lost shoe down the rain-swollen waters of the gutter, or the devastating results of donning a conjurer's coat primed with all the gadgets, the white mice, the fluttering pigeons, and the sausage-strings of the modern magician, are not inseparable from Hollywood life à la Lloyd, at least the grand finale, with our hero fighting his rival on an elaborate set, does depend on studio mechanism for its full effect. Nowhere else could we get the sudden release of cataclysmic waves which submerge the infuriated men, spreading havoc, ruining the "high-spot" of the production, the while the director, stunned

the picture suddenly acquires a freshness, a note of the unexpected, in the quiet passages, invested with a humour inherent in the actual *donnée* of the story, between Mr. Lloyd and Miss Constance Cummings. These passages are

a justification for this prolonged belief in a man, uncouth in bearing, who openly indulged his grosser passions. Moreover, the domestic side of his life, the front he showed to his wife and children, has been left untouched. Surely there is here a conflict worthy of a deeper penetration than has so far been apparent, at least on the screen? It remains for the actor to probe the complexities of an enigmatical character wherever the director and the scenarist have given him the slightest chance. In Mr. Conrad Veidt the ideal impersonator has been found for Rasputin, whose daughter has put it on record, after seeing the film, that she seemed to see in the actor "her father in the flesh." Physically and emotionally, Mr. Veidt appears, indeed, to get into the very skin of the part. He is transformed, not only facially, but in gesture and in the heavy gait, the swinging arms of the peasant. Difficult to realise that here is the same man whom we last saw as the exquisite Metternich in "Congress Dances"! Nor has he remained upon the surface of a study which, in the terrible circumstances of Rasputin's death at the hands of his enemies, rises—and the picture with it—to tragic heights. In the earlier development of the story, Mr. Veidt's opportunities for indicating the mystic aspects of the character are slender. They occur here and there, however: in his sway over the Siberian villagers whose fanaticism draws attention to the miraculous "healer"; in his first encounter with the ailing Tsarevitch—a tenderly treated and convincing episode; again in the vision of countless graves which comes to Rasputin on his sick-bed, strengthening his feverish determination to prevent his country from going to war. There is at these moments an inner illumination in the man as Mr. Veidt conceives him which pierces through the clutter of sensualism. At no time does he fail to suggest a dominating, tremendously vital force.

But it is in the final chapter that the actor finds a possible key to the whole character. It lies in his swift and almost childlike

response to every extraneous influence. Invited to Prince Youssouppoff's palace, Rasputin asks for music. His host plays, and as the melodies pass from grave to gay the priest vibrates to their message, with tears, with a dance that has something of ecstasy in it. He drinks the poisoned wine prepared for him by the conspirators. It has no seeming effect on him, except, perhaps, in a greater exaltation. His eyes, those compelling eyes, encounter the Ikon and light up with religious fervour. The man seems to grow in stature. That astounding vitality of his defies the poison, the bullets poured into him in the panic induced by a power suddenly reaching to the supernatural. And the cry that bursts from the stricken man is scarcely of this earth, certainly not human. Even after his collapse he has the strength to regain his feet, to call incredulously—a child again—on "Felix," his friend; to stagger out into the open, the flaming life in him not yet quenched. He reaches the gate before a last bullet fired by Pourichkevitch finishes the dreadful business. Unforgettable, Mr. Veidt's reconstruction of Rasputin's death-hour. Overwhelming in its revelation of a beast at bay and a soul laid bare. However diverse may be the opinions on the picture "Rasputin," the verdict on the acting of Conrad Veidt must be unanimous, for it is instinct with genius.



"THE FLAG LIEUTENANT," AT THE TIVOLI: MAJOR THESIGER CONCEIVES THE IDEA OF DRESSING IN A DEAD ARAB'S CLOTHES IN ORDER TO GET A MESSAGE FOR HELP THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES.

Major Thesiger (Peter Gawthorne) is on the left: Lieutenant Dicky Lascelles (Henry Edwards) on the right. Many of our readers will remember "The Flag Lieutenant" as a play. A silent film of it was made a while ago. The "talkie" version is now at the Tivoli. The authors are Lieut.-Colonel W. P. Drury, C.B.E., Royal Marines, and Major Leo Trevor.—[By Courtesy of British and Dominions Film Co.]

handled by the comedian with a very fine restraint. Awkward and timid, saying the wrong thing, doing the wrong thing, he yet succeeds in conveying a sincerity, an integrity that remain intact in spite of the inevitable comic interruptions. Though his adored one, charmingly played by Miss Cummings, is more than justified in nick-naming her quaint admirer "Trouble," her eventual capitulation and her espousal of his cause find ample explanation in the sympathy Mr. Lloyd unostentatiously claims and the audience wholeheartedly extends. It is no small achievement to build up a definite and, at times, a rather touching character amidst the rattle of the slap-sticks. Mr. Lloyd has done it, and done it so well that, though we may not want a Hamlet from him, it might be a wonderful experience to see him in a straight comedy part.

CONRAD VEIDT AS RASPUTIN.

Continental appreciation of the German film on the subject of "Rasputin," directed by Adolph Trotz and superbly photographed by Curt Courant, has aroused so much interest in this country that its arrival, under the auspices of Mr. Eric Hakim, must be regarded as a major event in the world of the kinema. I will not anticipate its public showing, which may take place at any time within the next few weeks, by dealing fully with the picture itself, but prefer to concentrate at the moment on Mr. Conrad Veidt's magnificent realisation of the central figure.

Grigori Rasputin is one of those historical figures whose strange personalities and careers never cease to inflame the mass imagination. The ascendancy to power of this peasant-priest, his amazing influence on the Tsar and the Tsaritsa, his undoubted hypnotic faculties, have laid the foundation for an edifice of legend, rumour, truths, and half-truths. Books have been written by some of the people who came into close contact with the man, and were certainly able to establish definitely an appreciable number of facts. But one imagines Rasputin, loved and loathed as he was, to have presented very different aspects of his nature to his several biographers, who, at any rate, have not wholly destroyed the veil that still shrouds this extraordinary man. Mystic and hedonist, abating not one iota of his orgiastic proclivities even during the period of his virtual dictatorship at the Tsarist Court, he was able to retain the supreme confidence of the Imperial pair.

Neither in the present "Rasputin" picture nor its predecessor have the directors been at much pains to seek



"THE NIGHT OF JUNE 13," AT THE PLAZA: JOHN CURRY (CLIVE BROOK) DECIDES TO ALLOW HIMSELF TO BE CHARGED WITH MURDER, ALTHOUGH HE COULD PROVE THE SUICIDE OF THE DEAD WOMAN. Rather than implicate an innocent girl, John Curry allows himself to be arrested for murder, destroying the proof that the dead woman committed suicide. He is tried and acquitted.

By Courtesy of Paramount Pictures.

by falling crates, is incapable of crying a halt, and the heroine, bidden to simulate unconsciousness whatever happens, maintains her graceful pose on a floating hatch to the end of the unrehearsed combat.

The fun that precedes this glorious and truly comic scrimmage fluctuates in quality. It has its delightfully whimsical touches, little by-the-way absurdities that seem in closest harmony with Mr. Lloyd's supreme simplicity. On the other hand, it suffers occasionally from the machine-made. At such moments it tends to subdue Mr. Lloyd as an individual to the requirements of "the stunt." But



"LEAP YEAR," AT THE NEW GALLERY: TOM WALLS AS SIR PETER TRALLION, OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

"Leap Year" has Ann Grey and Tom Walls as its bright particular stars, the latter as a modern Casanova.—[By Courtesy of British and Dominions Film Co.]

THE ART OF CARL MILLES: REPRESENTATIVE WORKS BY SWEDEN'S GREATEST LIVING SCULPTOR.



A STATUARY GROUP OF A HORSE AND RIDER, BY CARL MILLES, THE GREAT SWEDISH SCULPTOR: A DISTINCTIVE NOTE IN EQUESTRIAN DESIGN.



THE LEAPING HORSE: A POWERFUL WORK OF SCULPTURE IN STONE, TYPICAL OF THE ARTIST'S INTEREST IN EXPRESSING VIGOROUS MOVEMENT.



A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF GARDEN SCULPTURE: A GROUP OF NOVEL DESIGN IN HARMONY WITH A MODERN ARCHITECTURAL SETTING.



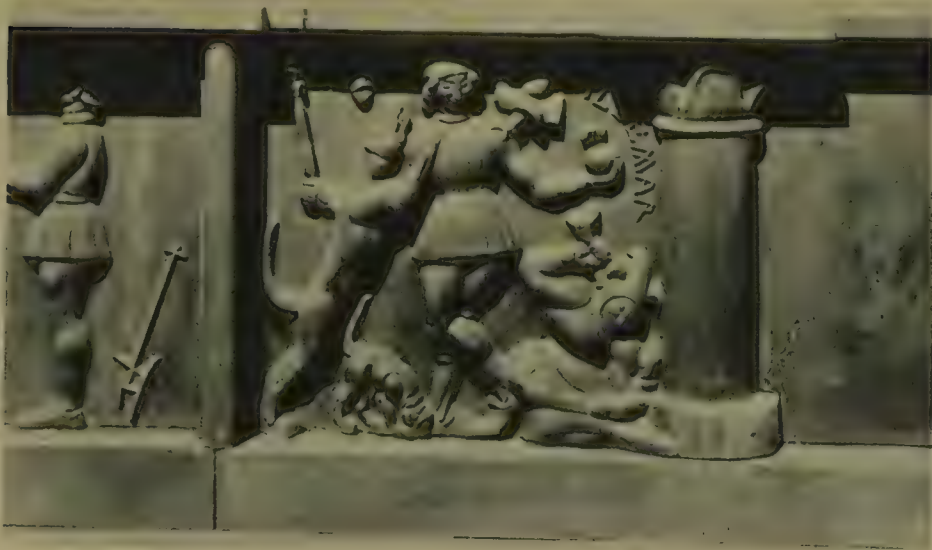
THE HEAD OF FOLKE FILBYTER, THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE GREAT FOLKUNGA FOUNTAIN AT LINKÖPING—A WORK INSPIRED BY A WELL-KNOWN SWEDISH NOVEL.

Since the recent visit of the Prince of Wales and Prince George to Stockholm, everything Swedish has acquired a special interest in this country. We therefore take the opportunity to illustrate the art of Sweden's greatest sculptor, Carl Milles, who is also one of the foremost exponents of his art in the world of to-day. He was born in 1875 near Uppsala, and in 1897 he went to Paris and came under the influence of Rodin. One of his early works, "Hylas," gained a prize in the Salon of 1900. He has since developed an individual

style, drawing inspiration and assimilating ideas from many sources, including ancient Egyptian, Ægean, Chinese, Indian, and Maya sculpture, as well as the Gothic and Baroque. All these various influences went to the shaping of his own art, which gradually developed a strong originality, with an element of popular humour. "His work," we read (in an appreciation by Maria Petrie contributed to "Art Work"), "is monumental in conception. Nor is he satisfied with the truncated fragments and torsi which are often a sculptor's easy way



THE NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN: A TYPE OF SCULPTURE IN WHICH CARL MILLES HAS OBTAINED HIS MOST SUCCESSFUL EFFECTS.



A GRANITE RELIEF FROM THE FOLKUNGA FOUNTAIN AT LINKÖPING: THE KING WALDEMAR GROUP—AN EXAMPLE OF THE SCULPTOR'S HUMOUR.



"SOLGLITTER": ONE OF THE MOST ORIGINAL OF THE MANY FOUNTAIN GROUPS BY CARL MILLES; A WORK NOW PLACED IN THE SWEDISH NATIONAL GALLERY AT STOCKHOLM.



THE FAMOUS SWEDISH SCULPTOR'S TREATMENT OF THE NUDE: A ROBUST STYLE IN THE REPRESENTATION OF FEMININE BEAUTY.



THE SCULPTOR'S INGENIOUS USE OF WATER TO ENHANCE THE EFFECT OF HIS WORK: A FOUNTAIN WITH GROUPS OF FIGURES IN A POOL.

out of some insoluble difficulty. All his work is complete and finished in every detail. . . . His most outstanding creations are his big fountains, in which he seems to speak directly to the heart of his people and through which he will remain known as one of the world's great artists. They will belong to Sweden as the Baroque fountains belong to Rome and the Gothic fountains to the old German towns. . . . Milles' use of water as an integral part of his composition . . . shows his wide command of means to serve his

purpose." Among his chief fountains are the "Europa" at Halmstad, the "Diana" and "Industry" at Stockholm, the "Poseidon" at Gothenburg, the "Triton" presented by Swedish Americans to the Chicago Art Institute, and the great "Folkunga" Fountain at Linköping. In this last the central figure (illustrated above) was based on a novel, "Folke Filbyter," by a well-known Swedish writer, Verner von Heidenstam. Some of the photographs, it may be added, reached us without titles or indications of locality.

THE BIRTH OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"RAMILLIES AND THE UNION WITH SCOTLAND": By G. M. TREVELYAN, O.M.*

(PUBLISHED BY LONGMANS, GREEN.)

IN this volume Professor Trevelyan continues, with a master's touch, to fill in his large and vivid canvas of "England under Queen Anne." Four hundred close-packed pages cover only five years of Anne's reign and of Marlborough's career, but they were years of exceptional importance in modern English history, for, besides campaigns which were to give England respite from exhausting wars, they witnessed the settlement of vital constitutional issues. Three separate dramas are enacted in these pages: the epic of Marlborough, and the victorious struggle of the Allies against Louis in the Low Countries, in Spain, and in Italy; the relations between England and Scotland; and the development of England's domestic politics into what may be considered a permanent Parliamentary system—unless, as seems possible, the problems of our own age cast it again into the melting-pot.

The curtain rises on an England flushed with the triumph of Blenheim, and well contented with the war, under such a leader as Marlborough. There were no bounds either to the prestige which he enjoyed, or to the envy, malice, and uncharitableness which his success earned from private enemies. Had his Allies been more tractable, he would certainly have lost no time in exploiting the effect of Blenheim: as it was, France was given a year's breathing-space, and the issue might have been seriously imperilled by the delay. But "two factors saved the situation, Marlborough's inexhaustible patience that never allowed anger to disturb courtesy or calculation, and the increasing strength of England's will to conquer." The year 1705 he had to spend in consolidating his position in the Netherlands; and in the following year—the *annus mirabilis*—it was not he, but the French who took the offensive and forced a conclusion. On May 23, 1706, at Ramillies, Marlborough was amply repaid for his patience. "There lay the rich reward of all the patience with which he had endured frustration at the hands of fools for twenty months past. For there, stretched over four miles in battle array, stood sixty thousand men—the long white lines of the French infantry, the Bavarians in blue and red, the Swiss foot from the mountain cantons, the many-coloured troops of French, Spanish and Walloon horse, and whole brigades of Louis' magnificent Household Cavalry, the red-coated *gens-d'armes* prominent in their midst. All were resplendent in new uniforms, indicating to Europe that neither the resources nor the ambition of Louis were yet exhausted."

That night, the pride of Louis, if not destroyed, was humbled to the dust. Villars wrote of Ramillies as "the most shameful, humiliating and disastrous of defeats." It had been accomplished by sheer superiority of generalship. Apart from its military significance, it had the immediate effect of raising revolt in Belgium, and of leading to the condominium of England and Holland in the Spanish Netherlands, which were soon to lose the name Spanish for ever. When, on the last day of December 1706, Anne went to St. Paul's to give thanks for the events of the year, the sword of state was borne before her by the Duke of Marlborough, and "it was the crowning moment of their two lives." The enemy had not only been crushed in the Low Countries, but had been driven from Italy by Prince Eugene's victory at Turin. The following year, it seemed as if the luck had turned; Marlborough's ambitious plans (the "Great Design") were checked at every point, and at Almanza, in the Netherlands, and at Toulon, nothing prospered with the Allies. England was rapidly becoming tired of the war, and Oudenarde (July 11, 1708) came none too soon. It was another *tour de force* of Marlborough's military genius: in this crucial engagement he "showed himself as great a master of the game of catch-as-you-can as of the prearranged tactics of forcing the enemy's reconnoitred positions at Blenheim and Ramillies." In the following November, Lille fell, not long after Stanhope had captured Minorca—an event which, together with the brilliant defence of Gibraltar three years previously, made it known to all men that England "had come to stay in the Mediterranean, no longer as a yearly visitor but as a resident with a house of her own." On all fronts except the Spanish, the Allies in 1708 had consolidated their successes of 1706. Everything and everybody was ready for peace; and yet, when this volume closes, England is still at war. The failure to make peace was due partly to the jealousies of the Allies, and partly to

political dissensions in England. But the issue was decided; only the terms of settlement remained to be formulated.

Europe had repulsed "the tyrant's brandished steel," as she was to do again a hundred years later; and "England had been the chief agent in this great deliverance, and Great Britain would be the leading power in the post-war world." Her own internal stability Mr. Trevelyan attributes chiefly to the development of a sound system of finance and to a wise adjustment of the constitutional "powers" of government. But there was one problem which was not to be settled without searchings

the unhappy paradox that while one party was in power, the sovereign sought her counsel secretly from those of the opposition persuasion. "In spite of Queen Anne, Harley, Godolphin, and Marlborough, and partly through the defects of their respective qualities, the attempt to govern England on non-party lines had come to an end, after a not inglorious period of trial. Party henceforth was to rule in alternate manifestations of Whig and Tory; but the foundations of Great Britain and her constitution and her place in the world had been well and truly laid, if party could be wise enough to treat them with respect.

The temptations to violence in public life are always great, but of the two parties that one which should first recover its temper and walk in the ways of prudence would be the winner in the end, and would be the true successor of the great traditions of patriotic government which had been established under the ministry of Marlborough and Godolphin." The complexities of the party struggles which led to this result are traced by Professor Trevelyan with great clarity, and they have the fascination of a game of skill with constantly varying fortunes.

The story of the Union with Scotland has a peculiar interest at the present time. A good deal has been heard recently of Home Rule for Scotland; and—to take another aspect of Union—we find many analogies in these pages to the existing Irish situation. When we are reminded by this dispassionate record of the intensity of feeling which existed between the two countries two hundred years ago, and when we compare it with the position to-day, we are encouraged to believe (despite much evidence to the contrary) that the most bitter and persistent national grudges may yield to a comparatively short experience of good will and tolerance. Mr. Trevelyan prefaces his account of the Union negotiations by three absorbing chapters which describe the general condition of Scotland and the events which led up to the Union. Apart from the rankling memories of much and frequent bloodshed, the Scots suffered from what would nowadays be called an "inferiority complex." They, a proud people, writhed under the kind of savage contempt which in the eighteenth century still lived on in such Englishmen as Dr. Johnson; and resentments of that kind often go deeper than the memory of actual injuries.

The problem, therefore, was to reconcile popular feeling with the most enlightened opinion of both countries. The negotiations at first took the ignoble form of mutual threats and reprisals rather than of reciprocal concessions. The Scots, with their Act of Security, struck at the foundations of a recently repaired constitution by threatening to overthrow the Act of Settlement. England nearly precipitated war by retaliating with the Alien Act, which, in default of a Union Treaty, threatened Scotland not only with exclusion from allegiance, but with industrial boycott. The two countries would probably be at odds to this day if this logical but harsh *riposte*—which perhaps was never intended to be more than a bargaining instrument—had not been repealed in 1705. In the state of feeling which existed, it is a marvel for all time that the Commission did its work so efficiently and so wisely, and that the Treaty was ever accepted by both Parliaments. That consummation, even more, perhaps, than the "homicidal glory" of the *annus mirabilis*, was the crowning moment of Queen Anne's life. On July 23, 1706, the Commissioners "went together from the Cockpit to St. James's Palace, to present their work to Queen Anne, where she sat awaiting them amid a crowd of the ladies of her Court, foreign Ambassadors and other notables. The procession of Commissioners itself contained most of her leading statesmen. They walked into her presence two and two, an Englishman

and a Scot in each file. Chancellor Seafield spoke for Scotland, Lord Keeper Cowper, speaking for England, hesitated, bungled, and finally drew his speech from his pocket and read it, with the imperturbable coolness of a veteran performer, 'while all the audience was in the utmost pain for him.' The Queen made a suitable reply. . . . The scene has been not unfitly chosen as the subject of one of the frescoes recently set up to adorn the entrance lobby of the present House of Commons." On May 1, 1707, amid the rejoicings of England and the sullen suspicion of Scotland, Great Britain was born. The tale of dissension was by no means ended, but in this, as in so many other matters, Anne's England had laid the foundations of an auspicious future.

C. K. A.



THE MURDER OF AN ENGLISHWOMAN BY BANDITS IN HARBIN: MRS. C. T. WOODRUFF, WHO WAS KILLED BY THE BRIGANDS, AND HER CHILDREN, WHO WERE KIDNAPPED BUT WERE ABANDONED UNHARMED BY THE FLEEING MISCREANTS.

It was reported from Mukden on October 12 that Mrs. C. T. Woodruff, wife of the chief accountant of the British American Tobacco Company, had been shot dead that day in the chief street of Harbin by bandits who were attempting to seize her two children. Mrs. Woodruff was motoring in the town when her car was stopped by men who tried to board it. She resisted and was shot and her chauffeur was grievously wounded. Her daughters, aged six and three, were kidnapped. The bandits were pursued and, after two of them had been killed, they abandoned the children, who, except for shock, were uninjured. Mrs. Woodruff was twenty-seven, and, like her husband, was from Bristol. They were to have transferred to Mukden next month.

of heart, especially the heart of the Queen who—dutiful child of the Revolution of 1688—was now Europe's model of constitutional monarchy. Unavailing did Anne resist the implacable struggle of parties. "Keep me," she implores Godolphin in 1705, "out of the power of the merciless men of both parties." And again: "All I desire is my liberty in encouraging and employing all those that concur faithfully in my service, whether they are called Whigs or Tories, not to be tied to one nor the other." But there was no abating the partisan passions of the "merciless men," and when the Whigs established their supremacy in 1708, it was settled for posterity that English government was to be conducted by party, and not by the principle of "all the talents." The royal Mugwump lost her cause, and thereafter England saw

* "Ramillies and the Union with Scotland." By George Macaulay Trevelyan, O.M., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. With Maps. (Longmans, Green and Co.; 21s. net.)

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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

PHOTOMICROGRAPHS AS AN AID TO ESTABLISHING AUTHORSHIP.

"The Brushwork of Rembrandt and His School." Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.

IT is very nearly fifty years since Dr. Laurie got an inevitable First in the Science Tripos at Cambridge: it is rather more than two since a review of his last book on Rembrandt appeared on this page. Now comes another on the same subject, excellently

which the living works of long-departed genius are sometimes imitated to the confounding of the very elect, and in which the powers of darkness are often presented in the guise of angels of light—in which, in short, the confiding amateur can be done exceedingly brown. Moreover, the lens can, on occasion, reveal details which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, escape ordinary eyesight. There is a particularly attractive example illustrated in this volume. In the Dresden Gallery is a very fine picture by Ferdinand Bol, entitled "Jacob's Dream," so like Rembrandt that it has induced a German critic to evolve the theory that Rembrandt was merely a picture-dealer, and that all the Rembrandts we know were painted by Bol (Plate 93). But even to the naked eye the drapery is typical Bol—stiff and wooden—and in Plate 95 Dr. Laurie compares it in a magnified photograph with the marvellously flowing drapery of Tobit and the Angel by Rembrandt. But the wings (Plate 96, compared with the feather in the picture of "Saskia on Rembrandt's Knee," at Dresden) are by no means typical Bol, and the author suggests that these are by Rembrandt himself. Now, this is a point which might have been noticed by any connoisseur—but I don't think it has been. It was not, as far as I can discover, until a scientist commenced to examine the picture in detail that this odd circumstance was given its due weight.

Stated thus baldly, the theory is but mildly interesting—"composition and figures by Bol, wings by his master." But, good heavens, we need not be so drearily pedantic! Can't you see the competent, successful, and excellent Bol working away at his picture, and possibly a little bit weary of it, when Rem-

brandt comes in?—and they talk for a time about commissions and the difficulty of getting people to pay up and fifty other things, and then Bol suddenly says he's fed up with angels' wings—can't get 'em right, somehow!—and Rembrandt seizes a brush, and in two or three quick, sure strokes in his own inimitable handwriting transmutes a dull collection of feathers into divine splendour.

It is obviously impossible in a review of this character to mention in detail all the possibilities of the author's method, but an excellent example of its use is illustrated by Plate 34, in which a portion of "The Woman Taken in Adultery" is pasted on to a portion of "The Good Samaritan." This latter picture is in the Wallace Collection, and has been doubted by some authorities: the former, in the National Gallery, is, of course, unquestionably authentic. Put together, the two portions reveal a complete identity of brushwork: consequently the Wallace Collection picture must also be by Rembrandt.



PROVED TO BE A GENUINE REMBRANDT BY MR. LAURIE'S EXCEEDINGLY INTERESTING METHOD: "THE GOOD SAMARITAN," REMBRANDT'S AUTHORSHIP OF WHICH SOME AUTHORITIES HAD DOUBTED.
Reproduced by Courtesy of the Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford, Publishers of "The Brushwork of Rembrandt and His School."

illustrated by photomicrographs, and with a lucid technical commentary. The method is simple enough. Portions of unquestionably genuine paintings are magnified and photographed (it is important to note that this is not the same thing as enlarging a photograph), and the results compared. One thus obtains a standard of comparison from the various periods by which one can judge other possible or probable works by the master and his followers. It is pioneer work, and no doubt in time will be applied to many other schools, and especially to those which make use of a rich impasto as distinct from the smooth technique of earlier painting, for a magnified photograph shows up every stroke of the brush with extraordinary fidelity. And why, you will say, won't you allow me to enjoy my Rembrandts in peace—the self-portrait in the National Gallery, that old, tired, disillusioned painter; the lyrical Tobit and the Angel in the Louvre, and the rest of the noble heritage? Why distract my attention with microscopes? You read me a poem, play me a symphony, intoxicate me with a divine vision, and then cold-bloodedly subject poem and symphony and vision to a chemical analysis. Cobblers should stick to their lasts, chemists to their laboratories—and leave painters and poets to their dreams. Did Rembrandt paint with a magnifying-glass to his eye, or Shakespeare write with the aid of a foot-rule?

Quiet, Sir, please—I respect your vehemence, your enthusiasm, but this is a naughty world, in

* "The Brushwork of Rembrandt and His School." By A. P. Laurie, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D. Illustrated by Photomicrographs. (Oxford: University Press; London: Humphrey Milford. 5 guineas.)

comparison by these extremely interesting photographs can hardly be said to render unnecessary or superfluous the ordinary judgment of a trained eye: I don't think one misreads Dr. Laurie in asserting that it merely dots the "i's" and crosses the "t's" of scholarship. One can still accept with confidence the opinions of critics whose training and experience and sensibility are admittedly of a high order: at the same time, the use of photomicrographs is so obviously illuminating in certain problems that it is a little difficult to understand why anyone should disparage the employment of so simple a means to exact knowledge. Certainly the amateur student of Dutch painting will find this admittedly difficult book an uncommonly interesting approach to the subject.

In the introduction the author pays a graceful tribute to the Duke of Westminster for his help in making publication possible. My readers may remember at the time of the Dutch Exhibition at Burlington House a certain liveliness in one or two daily papers about two portraits by Rembrandt belonging to the Duke. These were alleged to be not by Rembrandt, but by Verspronck. The whole affair was a very damp squib, but I rather think that our author's previous book on Rembrandt had its origin in this unnecessary controversy. I hope somebody will soon start attacking a famous Velasquez, and that a series of microphotographs of details of the great Spaniard's paintings and those of his school will result: not everyone can be quite sure of the difference between a poor Velasquez and, for example, a good Del Mazo. As for the many copies and contemporary versions of El Greco, they are legion, and are well worth a scientific investigation on these lines; something might—or might not—be discovered about them.



AN EXPERIMENT BY PHOTOMICROGRAPHY TO SHOW IDENTITY OF BRUSHWORK IN A DOUBTED AND AN UNDOUBTED REMBRANDT: A PORTION OF "THE GOOD SAMARITAN" (THE HORSE'S MANE) PATCHED WITH THE BODICE FROM "THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY"—ABOUT THREE DIAMETERS MAGNIFICATION.

Certain authorities had cast doubts on Rembrandt's authorship of "The Good Samaritan," a picture in the Wallace Collection. Mr. Laurie pasted a magnified photograph of a portion of "The Woman Taken in Adultery," an unquestionably authentic Rembrandt, on to a portion of "The Good Samaritan" (lower right); and the complete identity of brushwork thereby revealed established the authenticity of the Wallace Collection picture. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford, Publishers of "The Brushwork of Rembrandt and His School."

It is reasonable, perhaps, to point out that the method of



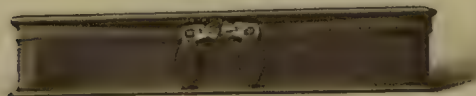
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THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS.

(Continued from Page 624.)

1914 Russia was the power that kept peace in Europe, by balancing forces. Until 1870 she supported the Germanic world, then the weakest, against England and France. Little by little, after 1870, with the growing of the German might, Russia passed over on to the other side. At the same time, with her vast and massive strength, she terrorised the great Asiatic States and maintained the comparative order that reigned in Asia until the Turkish and Chinese revolutions.

It was now Germany's turn to consolidate the order of the world by reassuring the European dynasties both large and small, proving to them by her own example how they could without danger grant a certain amount of liberty to their people, make use of their Parliaments by subordinating them, and dally with the revolutionary proletariat by counter-balancing it with a powerful militarism. Italy, Spain, Austria, and Hungary owed the little liberty that they enjoyed between 1870 and 1914 to the influence and example of Germany. The Triple Alliance was the diplomatic fortress of the semi-absolute demo-monarchy; a compromise between the old régime and the French Revolution, to be shattered by the World War.

The order in which the world rejoiced from 1870 to 1914, though it seemed immutable as space and eternal as time, was in reality the uncertain product of a paradoxical and artificial combination. It was in part almost a present made to the whole of the West by a great despotic and semi-barbarous military empire, in part also the contradictory work of the German might, improvised by Bismarck within the space of less than ten years. Beyond the Atlantic, the United States, like the wealthy free countries of Europe, also got the benefit of this present from the barbarians and this contradictory work of force: and they ended by convincing themselves, like France, England, and all the other States, that the order of the world could carry on by itself and that there was no need to worry too much about it.

Encouraged by this false security, the upper classes of America began to take less and less interest in politics and gave their attention wholly to all the rest: business, education, charity, elegance, art. When they did trouble themselves with public affairs, it was to embark the United States on a policy of armaments, Colonial conquests, and nationalism; that is to say, to bring their Republic closer to the spirit and methods of the European monarchies. The almost religious admiration for Germany and her Emperor that I encountered in the United States in 1909 was the medium of European influence. And the American democracy was left by the élite to its own devices.

A dangerous neglect! The American constitution, so much admired by the world, was intended for less than four million people; for an agricultural, puritan, simple society living on an equality basis in a relatively restricted territory, a white aristocracy served by black slaves. To-day that same constitution is supposed to provide for the well-being of an immense, fabulously rich continent, industrialised to the utmost degree, where all the races of the earth, including the former slaves, are mixed up together and enjoy the same political rights; of a society of 120 million people, governed by a universal suffrage of both men and women. What was going to become of this enormous heterogeneous body, left to itself by the gradual secession of the élite, in the midst of all the easy temptations of a fabulous prosperity, in a period when the whole world was playing heedlessly with the forces of evil? For the order seemed to continue all by itself, by some kind of miracle.

Twenty-four years ago, at the time of my first trip, I could already see that the political and administrative machine of the United States showed many outstanding faults, to which the whole country's obvious anxiety to do right resigned itself rather too easily. Terrific expenditure and indifference—we might even say no—results: much corruption mingled with a certain dose of violence: that was my impression. On my return to Europe, the waste, the political corruption, the administrative disorder, of which we complained in the Old World, seemed no more than child's-play compared with what I had seen in the New.

Then comes the World War. . . . One fine day the United States, too, are compelled to realise that the miraculous order they were enjoying was a feeble human creation that a breath was sufficient to sweep away. But with artificial enrichment, the collapse of fortunes, the concentration of power and suppression of control entailed by the war, in America as everywhere else, the evils from which the United States were suffering grew rapidly worse. At the end of the war it was obvious that an effort was needed to clean up and reorganise political life. It was then that the United States, led astray by a noble sentiment, made their fatal mistake: the effort that should have gone to the reorganisation of the old democracy was made, instead, to deprive the American people of alcohol. The idea was a fine and great one, but the task was beyond the strength of even the most powerful of States. By imposing a superhuman task on an already aging and ailing democracy, Prohibition has completed the general disorganisation of the American State.

Last year, when I compared what I saw with what I had seen twenty-three years previously, I found a remarkable improvement in every direction. But there was one exception—the political side: already bad in 1909, it had grown much worse, especially in individual States and the towns. I shall not quote any facts: the most significant are already known to all. The conclusion is that, above and beyond the triumph of the Republican or Democratic party, there is a still more important question: the necessity for the upper classes of America to make a serious effort to reorganise their old democracy, and to apply to politics half of the energy, work, and money that they have been expending for the last half-century in all other branches of social activity. It will be less easy, and perhaps less congenial, but it is urgent, both for the United States and for the world.

It is impossible that a people should progress and live in happiness while its political institutions are falling into decay. The contradiction cannot last indefinitely: in the end, either the State improves along with the rest, or the whole nation is infected with its disease. The Americans have been able to believe, for half a century, that the imperfections of their political system would eventually level themselves up by financial losses of little consequence when viewed in the light of their wealth. These losses—federal deficits, State deficits, municipal deficits—have attained such proportions that they are rightly beginning to alarm even the richest country in the world. But the waste of money is still only the least dangerous fault of the disorganised States; the great danger is the moral disorder. There are difficult times ahead for the United States as well as for everyone else; are they going to be able to come through them without disaster if their old democracy does not somehow contrive to find an elixir of life?

It is necessary for the sake of the whole world. In Europe and Asia a tremendous event has come to pass in the last quarter of a century: the fall of all the absolute or semi-absolute monarchies. The event is irrevocable: no amount of regrets from the disconsolate faithful can do anything to alter it. Whatever happens, a great number of peoples, both in Europe and Asia, will be compelled to replace their old institutions with new. They are therefore in need of models. Where are they to turn for these necessary models, if they cannot find them in those great countries where representative government has long been established—England, France, and the United States? The only hope left to them would be Moscow. That is why any political crisis that might upset those three countries at the present moment would be of universal consequence. It would lessen the value of those countries as models for the other countries that are in need of reorganising their States. The disorder in which the American democracy is lying just now is a genuine misfortune for the whole of mankind. There would be much less disorder in the world if the United States could still offer it, as it offered it a century ago, the example of a democracy functioning regularly with favourable results and to the satisfaction of the people. In many circles there is a tendency to believe that the world is chiefly at grips with the social problem. That

(Continued overleaf.)



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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC.

THERE was a good deal of curiosity in musical circles about the new London Philharmonic Orchestra which made its first appearance at the Queen's Hall under Sir Thomas Beecham at the opening concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society's season. It was quite clear after the first item, Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain" overture, that the promoters of this orchestra have got together a really excellent band. The strings, under the new leader, Paul Beard, made a particularly good impression, and the orchestra has a youthful dash and virtuosity which make it a most welcome addition to the musical forces of London. Now, at last, we have an independent orchestra which rivals the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, and between the two of them there ought to be a healthy and fruitful rivalry.

BEECHAM'S CONDUCTING.

As an old admirer of Sir Thomas Beecham's musical abilities, I wish I could write more warmly about the performances at this concert from an interpretative point of view. With such an admirable instrument as this new orchestra it was all the more regrettable to find Sir Thomas displaying some weaknesses which I feel he might himself be the first to deplore in another conductor. I refer particularly to his performance of Mozart's "Prague" symphony. Sir Thomas is an ardent Mozartian, but I have noticed before—though never so conspicuously as on this occasion—his tendency to treat Mozart as a bad operatic tenor might, namely, drawing out his melodies unctuously and sentimentally, so that all the firm rhythmic contours of the music are melted into "expression." I did not feel that Sir Thomas had any firm grip of the structure of any single movement of this symphony; even the last movement *presto* was lacking in directness and precision. I must admit that a few weeks previously Sir Henry Wood at the "Proms" gave a far more strict and musicianly performance of this same symphony. Sir Thomas Beecham has such exceptional qualities of *verve* and sensibility as a conductor that it would be sad to see him descend

into that bad nineteenth-century syrupy style from which present-day musicians have only just been rescued.

THE COURTAULD-SARGENT CONCERT.

Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who conducted the first of the Courtauld-Sargent concerts with the same London Philharmonic Orchestra, was, I understand, suffering from a high temperature. Nevertheless, he conducted well, and it must be reckoned in his favour that he has not got any tendency to distort musical rhythm with over-ripe or "cheap" expression. The Elgar Introduction and Allegro for Quartet and string orchestra was very well played, and in this the fine body of strings in the new orchestra showed to great advantage.

The quartet part was played by the Pro Arte Quartet from Brussels, and this quartet also played at the same concert Haydn's Quartet in G major, Op. 77 No. 1. The Pro Arte Quartet is one of the finest quartets I have heard in recent years. The ensemble was remarkable for purity, elasticity, and verve. There was sensitiveness, but no over-refinement, and virtuosity without slickness. This is the first concert of the Courtauld-Sargent series in which chamber music has been mixed with orchestral music, and I am not sure that it is a good idea. Although on this occasion I did not feel that the Pro Arte Quartet needed a smaller hall, it is better, as a rule, to hear a quartet in a smaller hall than the Queen's Hall.

A FIRST PERFORMANCE.

Debussy's suite, "La Mer," does not, in my opinion, wear as well as Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel"; both pieces may be termed descriptive music, but the Strauss tone-poem is one of its composer's finest works—if not absolutely his finest—full of invention, abounding in vitality, and perfect in design, whereas Debussy's piece is rather laboured. Besides these two compositions, the new work by the Czech composer, Martinu, for String Quartet and Orchestra was unimpressive. It was a rather conventional work in which the craftsmanship could be admired, but the monotony of its chromaticism, unrelieved by any good musical ideas, became tiresome finally.

ISOLDE MENGES AND HAROLD SAMUEL.

The sonata recital by these two deservedly esteemed musicians drew a good audience to the Wigmore Hall to hear a Beethoven sonata, a new sonata by an English composer, Howard Ferguson, and a Sibelius Sonatine in E major. I do not consider Miss Menges and Mr. Samuel a perfect combination, in spite of their individual merits. Miss Menges has the exceptional virtue of playing with a truly vital warmth and breadth. Mr. Samuel is rather finicky and cool. The Beethoven sonata never came to life, in spite of quite good playing. Mr. Ferguson's Sonata in A is too conventional even for a young man. The Sibelius sonatine is a charming composition, although here again a good deal of its charm was not reproduced by this combination of players.

CONCERTS FOR CHILDREN.

Mr. Robert Mayer's tenth season of concerts for children will begin at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Saturday morning, Oct. 22, at eleven o'clock. Dr. Malcolm Sargent will conduct, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra is now engaged for these concerts. Among the soloists for the coming season are Albert Sammons, Cyril Smith, John Goss, Leon Goossens, John Hunt, and Artur Schnabel. The programmes are varied and consist chiefly of classical works, with a sprinkling of pieces by contemporary British composers.

W. J. TURNER.

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS. (Continued from Page 636.)

is a mistake. The great problem of the nineteenth century is, and will continue to be, the political one. An enigmatic fatality decreed that the collapse of monarchy should coincide with a period of almost universal discouragement and weakness in the old representative régimes. The result is that two-thirds of humanity no longer knows how to govern itself, and allows itself to be tempted by the futuristic experiments suggested to it by charlatans. Practicable and humane models of government are required by the unfortunate humanity of the present day. The United States, with their wealth, traditions, and culture, have it in their power, if so they wish, to give them—or rather restore to them—a great and splendid model. It only rests with them.

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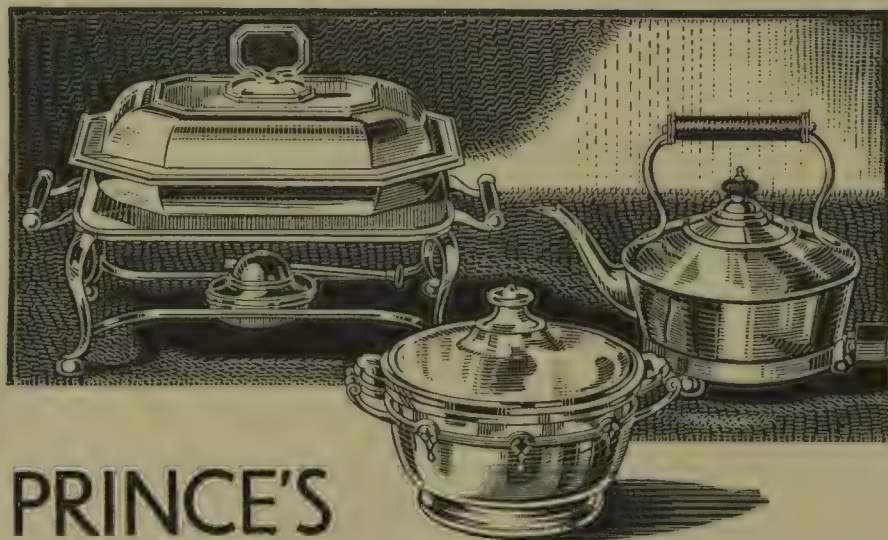
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ONE OF THE ROVER 1933 MODELS, WITH OPTIONAL FREE-WHEELING: THE "TEN SPECIAL" SALOON.

THE MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

average speed road performance, and ease of maintenance and control. They are all six-cylinder models, and range from 12 h.p. to 30 h.p., each provided with the all-silent, four-speed, self-changing, pre-selector gear. A new 12-h.p. sports saloon is somewhat of a novelty to Armstrong-Siddeley purchasers, who in the past have been content with purely family coaches. To-day, however, speed has gone up generally, especially

in the smaller-rated cars, so we find a sports car fitted with a close-coupled saloon on the Armstrong-Siddeley stand. In its equipment are included permanent lifting-jacks. On the 12-h.p. and 15-h.p.

nearly fifty distinct models. There are twelve types of bodywork, and eleven chassis variations. In addition, there is a choice of eight colour schemes. The new car in the series is a 12-h.p. six-cylinder, a 1½-litre engine which follows the same lines as the 14-h.p. model, but provides a slightly smaller vehicle for those who want something between the well-known 9 h.p. and the larger 14 h.p. Exceptionally low chassis, floating radiators, and stream-lining are the outward characteristics of the new Riley. Prices of Riley cars range from £298 to £460. A striking novelty in coachwork is the new "Falcon" saloon, in which the roof has hinged traps which automatically open and close with the doors, thus enabling the occupants to enter or leave the car without having to stoop.

Talbot Cars (Stand No. 55).

The most notable feature in the new Talbot cars staged at Olympia is the fitting of the self-changing pre-selector gear-box on these chassis, similar to that first introduced by the Armstrong-Siddeley Co., then accepted by the Daimler Motor Co. Talbot cars are particularly high in the regard of motorists for their remarkable performances in the various long-distance

high-speed competitions during the past year or so. Many improvements have been made in the new models as a result of these racing and road tests. The coachwork is distinctive and comfortable, the suspension or springing is well adjusted, and there are four models available at prices ranging from £395 to £795. Of these the "Ninety-Five" is a new model, comprising the 21-h.p. 3-litre engine with ten-foot wheelbase chassis, and is distinct from the "Ninety" Speed and "105" Super Speed models which are continued with only minor alterations. This "Ninety-Five" is additional to the "Seventy-Five" and "Sixty-Five" models, the latter, being the cheapest of the series. The new "Ninety-Five," with its four-door coach-work saloon body, should prove an attractive carriage with its turn of speed and shock-absorbers adjustable from the steering-wheel for fast touring.

The more popular wire wheels become, as fitted to the modern motor-car, the greater demand is produced for Ace discs to

cover them in order to save trouble to the owners of cleaning their wheels. These Ace patent super-metal discs are fitted with moulded bakelite valve doors, to give easy access to the tyre valves, and in no way to interfere with the inflation of the inner tube, or the changing of the wheel

(Continued overleaf).



IN THE VILLAGE OF HIGH RODING, ESSEX: A NEW FORD "V-8" CABRIOLET.

Armstrong-Siddeley cars, the visitor will notice that a hidden grid forms a neat apron over the petrol-tank; also the handsome low appearance of all the coachwork has in no way lessened the head-room. Other comfort devices are the folding arms and foot-rests to all saloons, and the better ventilation obtainable by sliding rear quarter-lights. A feature of most 1933 models is the rubber mounting of the engine, and this method of successfully combating engine-vibration has been adopted on these motors this year. Central chassis lubrication on the one-shot principle is fitted on the long chassis 15-h.p. and 20-h.p. models.

Riley Cars (Stand No. 59).

New coachwork distinguishes the Riley models for 1933, as visitors to this stand at Olympia, will quickly discover for themselves. The result is that the latest Riley range includes



A LUXURIOUS AND POWERFUL CAR PRICED AT £595: THE LANCHESTER "EIGHTEEN" SALOON.

Rover Cars (Stand No. 47).

The new Rover cars to be seen at the Motor Exhibition are full of novelties, as they embody all the latest improvements to make motoring more simple as developed in Great Britain and America. On this stand are staged seven cars and a chassis, the latter being labelled with all its novel features, so that visitors can pick out its salient points. The new "Ten Special" Rover coachbuilt saloon has its engine placed on flexible mountings of rubber on three points, silent constant-mesh double helical second and third speed gears, together with a free-wheel device which makes gear-changing certain to be silent, however much a novice the person handling it may be. In addition there is the Lucas "Startix" automatic engine-starter, by which means the moment the ignition is switched on the engine is automatically started by the electric starter. The benefit of this device will be appreciated by drivers who cut the idling speed of their motor down very low, and are apt, therefore, to continually stall their engine in traffic. Should such a thing happen, without any effort on their part the "Startix" restarts their engine for them instantly. Examples of the Rover Pilot "Fourteen," the Rover Meteor "Sixteen," and the 20-h.p. six-cylinder Rover speed model are also staged. All of these are much improved cars, both in appearance and road performance.

Singer Cars (Stand No. 52).

A new design of engine-suspension known as the "vibro-damper" has been applied to all the new Singer models. This enables the engine to float independently of the chassis members. There is also a new clutch of the single plate flexibly centred form, together with what is known as the "permanent-mesh" four-speed gear-box, in which the second and third ratios are as silent as the top gear. Longer springs, double-acting hydraulic shock-absorbers, and Lockheed hydraulic brakes are other features incorporated in all these models. The Singer cars exhibited are the "Nine," "Twelve," "Fourteen," two litre-17.9 h.p., and the Kaye Don coupé de luxe, also rated at 17.9 h.p. The four-cylinder 9 h.p. Singers, of which four different bodies are shown, have sliding roof, safety-glass windscreen, winding windows, and rear foot-wells. This model is listed at £159 for the coachbuilt six-light saloon. The four-cylinder 12 h.p. saloon staged costs £199. This has particularly roomy coachwork, and is stated to have an excellent road performance. The 14-h.p. six-cylinder Singer has an overhead-valve engine, rated at 13.4 h.p. The saloon shown is priced at £235. Its neighbour, the 2-litre six-cylinder saloon, costs £265, and the Kaye Don coupé de luxe £365. These are stated to be capable of speeds over 65 miles an hour.

The leading features of the new Armstrong-Siddeley cars are their improved appearance, comfort in the transport of their passengers, a high



I've been helping Betty choose a car, because she thought my experience would be useful. And it's lucky I did go, because she really had no idea. First she wanted a red one, if you please! Why, she'd have to dye her hair before she went near the thing! Then she wanted one with a horn that went dee da doo daw, but I told her everyone would accuse her of copying the Higgs girl. Anyhow, in the end we found one with the sweetest little Sambo who winked when you opened the make-up case. So Betty bought it. And then I explained to her how you look after a car to make it last a long time. At least, I told her to be sure to use *Castrol*, which everyone says is the most important thing of all.



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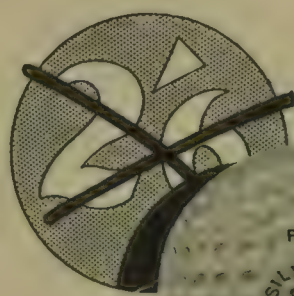


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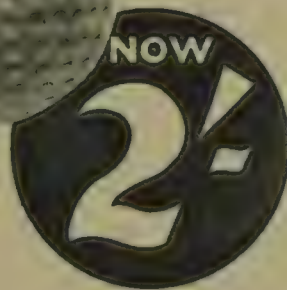
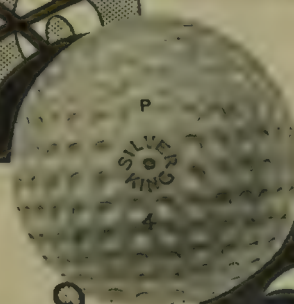
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(Continued.)

should a puncture occur. But, whereas with wire wheels it takes a considerable amount of labour to clean the spokes, the smooth level surface of the



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A COLOUR PRINT BY HIROSHIGE, A JAPANESE MASTER WHO DIED IN 1858.

The art of the Japanese colour print reached its furthest point of elaboration in the work of Hokusai and Hiroshige at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Hiroshige's feeling for landscape is something completely new in Japanese art. If superficially there is a likeness to Hokusai, the spirit is quite different. Hokusai has been compared with Turner, and Hiroshige with Constable. The colour print here reproduced is from the series entitled the "Hundred Views of Yedo." Hiroshige, who died in Yedo at the age of sixty-two, was buried in the Togaku Temple, Asakusa. He was a poet as well as an artist, and the last poem he wrote may be translated: "I have left my brush in Yedo, for now I go to the West, to a country of different landscapes."

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

discs only requires the hose to be turned on them to be washed free of all mud and grit. Manufactured by Cornercroft, Ltd., they are staged at this firm's stand in the Gallery at Olympia. Here also are the new metal covers, to protect tyres, displayed, that are fixed to quite a number of the spare wheels as an extra 1933 embellishment, as well as a useful fitting. These tyre covers also make a car look smarter, and they can be obtained, either painted to match the panels or chromium-plated, for all makes and sizes of spare wheels with tyres.

K.L.G. Plugs (Stand No. 424).

A large number of the motor-cars staged in the Main Hall are now fitted with 14-mm. diameter threaded plugs instead of the old 18-mm. plugs. The first small plugs of British origin were made by K.L.G. nearly ten years ago, but it is only lately that they have been more generally adopted by car builders. This firm's stand at Olympia contains a comprehensive range of all types of sparking plugs, both for motor-cars and motor-boats. The special K.L.G. marine plug is fitted with an exterior porcelain cap covering the mica insulation. This type of plug has proved to be very popular with both out-board and in-board motor-boat owners this season. Besides the plugs on view, K.L.G. Sparking Plugs, Ltd., show their accessories, such as a water-proof terminal and the quick detach, the former to prevent short-circuiting, and the latter to save trouble when disconnecting or re-connecting the electric cables to the plug.

OUR NOTE BOOK. (Continued from Page 604.)

comparing that buzz of dull flippancy to the swarming of gnats or flies. It is all concerned with the same paradox, with what may be called the omnipresence of the insignificant. A fly is a small thing, but flies can be a very big thing. In some tropical countries, I am told, they can appear like great clouds on the remote horizon or vast thunderstorms filling the whole sky. The plague of locusts which afflicts many lands is something much more destructive than the passage of a pack of wolves or the ruin wrought by a stampede of wild bulls or wild elephants. So the seemingly insignificant individual irritation produced by these insignificant individual perversities may be, in its cumulative effect, more corrupting to a whole culture than the great heresies

that have been hardened and hammered into a certain intellectual solidity. The spirit of anarchy does not work only by monsters. Even the sages and visionaries of the East have seen a spiritual significance in the fact that even almost invisible insects can be a plague or carry a pestilence; and the ancient name of Beelzebub has the meaning of the Lord of Flies.



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16,909 men set up in business.

£75,800 granted to St. Dunstan's to help blinded men.

1932 is a very difficult year for the men who served 1914-18, so PLEASE PAY VERY GENEROUSLY for your Poppy on REMEMBRANCE DAY—NOVEMBER 11th, and if possible, send a donation to Capt. W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's (British Legion) Appeal Fund, 26, Eccleston Square, London S.W.1.

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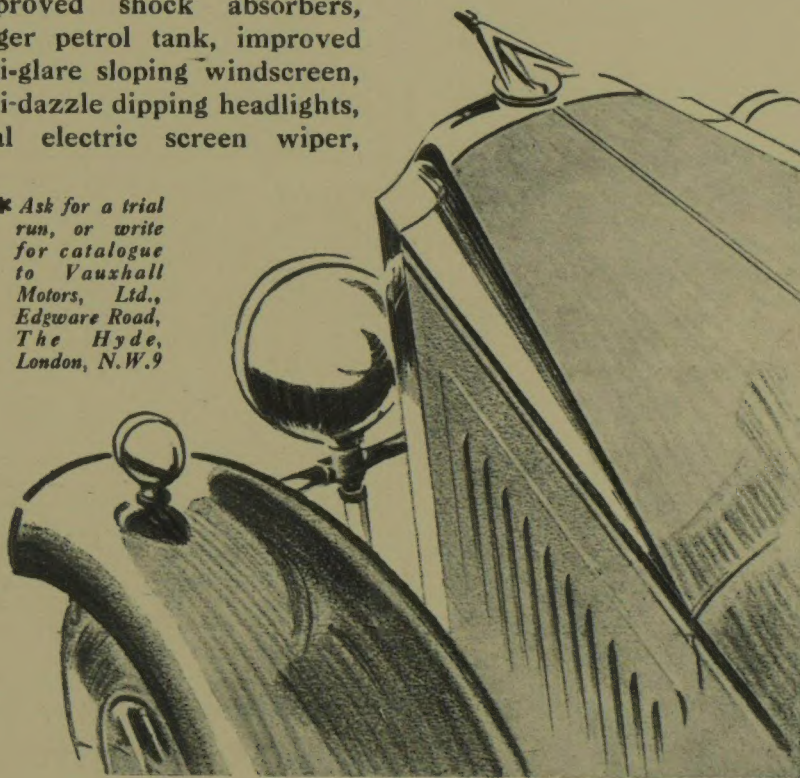
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SERVICE," AT WYNDHAM'S.

MISS C. L. ANTHONY has followed up her first play, "Autumn Crocus," with an even better one, though it may not be as successful as her first effort, for it has no love interest, concerning itself solely with the business side of the lives of the employees in a great London store. There is the semi-millionaire proprietor, with a heedless son and daughter, and an indifferent and extravagant second wife. Retrenchment forces him against his will to sack a loyal but not very competent clerk, Timothy Benton. Mr. J. H. Roberts, who plays this rôle, is at his best when portraying a combination of dumb faithfulness and suffering, and the scene in which he staggered blindly from the place in which he had spent so many years brought tears to our eyes. But Miss Anthony is an optimist; she believes in family loyalty, and his wife, son, and daughter rise nobly to the occasion. Fifteen months later they have turned their little front parlour into a flourishing tea-shop, and Mrs. Benton's pastries are renowned throughout the whole of Ealing. So do Gabriel Service's son and daughter come to his support when he is faced with bankruptcy. When wealthy they spend money idly, and appear to have no personal interest in the great store their father has created. But when, for their sakes, he proposes to sell out to a cheap multiple shop, they refuse to have the name of Service dragged in the gutter, and range themselves by his side to sink or swim with colours nailed to the mast. A heartening play this, as well as ideal entertainment. Mr. Leslie Banks gave an admirable performance as Gabriel Service, while Miss Ann Todd was perfection as his daughter, Caroline. But indeed it was an ideal cast; every one of the twenty-nine characters was played to perfection.

"ALISON'S HOUSE," AT THE LITTLE.

Alison was an American poetess who had died eighteen years prior to the rise of the curtain. The fact that the rest of the family do nothing for three acts save sit around and talk about her makes for monotony, and suggests that the theme is more suited for a novel than a play. Yet it is not without some interest. All the family have been unhappy in their loves; most of all Alison herself, poems describing the tragedy of her life being discovered in the last act. The problem is whether they should

be destroyed, to save the family honour, or published, to bring greater lustre to her fame as a poet. As a half-demented elder sister, Miss Nancy Price gave a grim performance. Miss Iris Baker, as a niece who has eloped with a married man, displayed considerable talent; while Mr. Torin Thatcher, as a nephew, disclosed himself as an actor of great ability, and one likely to go far in his profession.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN," AT THE LYCEUM.

"Savoy Follies," killed by the recent heat wave after an unusually unanimous chorus of praise from the critics, seeks the indulgence of playgoers in a new guise. All the best of the old revue has been retained; Mr. Gillie Potter, broadening his style to suit the size of the theatre, being as amusing as ever

in his travelogues, and as historian of the Marsh-mallow family. Mr. Stanley Holloway scores in every scene in which he appears; his fine voice was heard to great advantage in "Lullaby of the Leaves," and his story of how young Bert met an untimely end by encountering a lion at the Blackpool "Zoo" rocked the audience with laughter. A feature of the show is the amazing dancing of the sixteen Jackson Girls—the most perfect troupe yet seen in London.

BRITAIN AGAINST THE WORLD.

Mir Sultan Khan regained the British championship at "Whiteley's festival" this year, aided by a certain amount of good fortune. It is a curious fact that the Indian master seems to be able to induce mistakes by his opponents, and though his resumption of the title is well deserved, we should scarcely bracket him equal with some past champions—Atkins, for instance. The following game from the Berne Tournament shows clearly a difference of class between the British and World champions, and this applies not only to strength of play but also to elegance of style. Sultan Khan is a strong and accurate end-game player, but his opening and middle-game strategy, while not without a dour and forceful quality, seems to lack the imagination and polish which distinguishes the greater masters.

(Caro-Kann.)

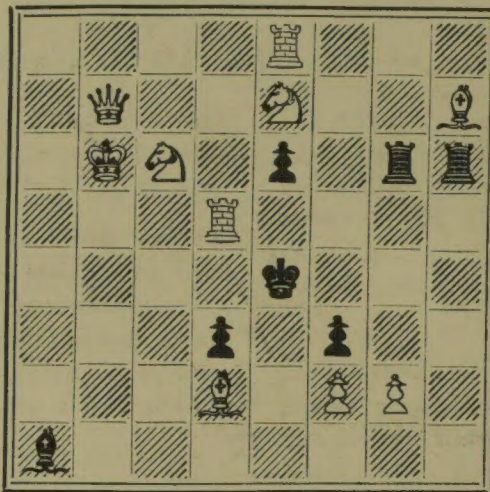
WHITE (Dr. A. Alek- hin).	BLACK (Mir Sultan Khan).	WHITE (Dr. A. Alek- hin).	BLACK (Mir Sultan Khan).
1. PK4	PQB3	will do fatal material or positional damage.	
Scared apparently by the ghost of Don Ruy Lopez.		18. KRB1	RQKt1
2. PQ4	PQ4	19. KtK5	PB3
3. P×P	P×P	If he wishes to castle he must drive the Kt from control of Q7.	
4. PQB4	KtKB3	20. KtB6 !!	
5. KtQB3	KtB3	Threatening, if 20. — RB1, to go to Kt4!	
6. KtB3	BKt5	21. KtR5	RR1
7. P×P	KKt×P	22. KtB4	KB2
8. BQKt5	PQR3	23. QKt3	QKt2
This leads to the loss of a pawn. The sacrifice may be intentional, but 8. — RB1 looks sounder.		24. PR5	BK2
9. B×Ktch	P×B	25. KtKt6	QRQ1
10. QR4	Kt×Kt	26. RB4	BB3
He would get into trouble by KtK5 if he tried to defend the QBP.		27. QRQB1	KKR1
11. Q×BPch	BQ2	28. RB7	BKt4
12. Q×Kt	RB1	Back at the home base.	
13. QK3	BKt4	29. PQ5!	QK5
All he can show for his pawn is this attempt to delay White's castling, but White sends the Bishop staggering round in a square.		30. RK1	KKt1
14. PQR4	BB5	If 29. — P×P; 30. RK1, and the double pin is fatal.	
15. PQKt3	BQ4	31. BKt4	QB4
16. Castles	QKt3	Desperation! Offering the exchange to free the pinned Bishop.	
Probably overlooking White's reply. The attack on the pawn comes to nothing; Black should get his K side developed.		32. R×R	B×R
17. BQ2	PK3	33. B×B	P×P
He sees now that the P cannot be taken by Q or B, as KKRt1		If 33. — R×B, 34. QQ6 wins a piece.	
		34. QQ6	Resigns.
		Black has had a most uncomfortable time, having been wriggling since his 8th move.	

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Illustrated London News," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

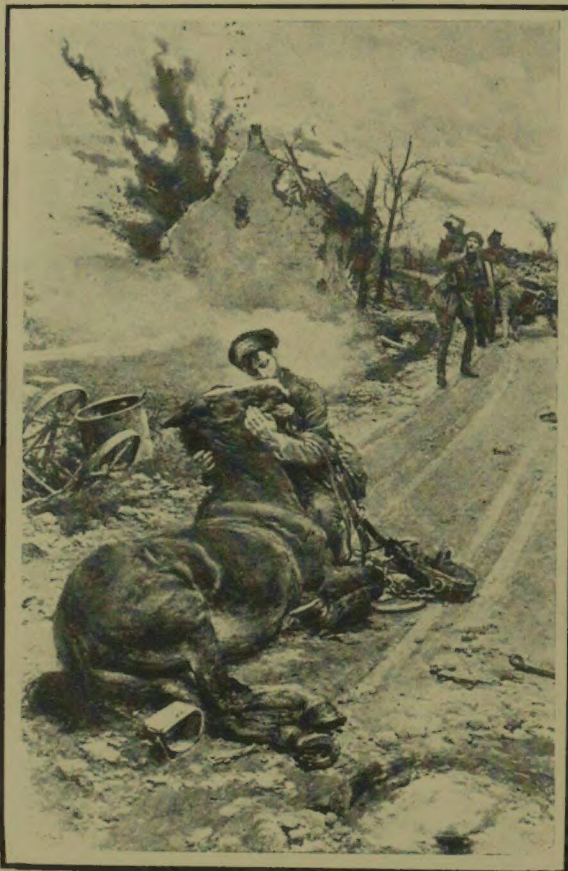
PROBLEM No. 4098. By NORRIS EASTER (BANSTEAD).
BLACK (7 pieces).



WHITE (10 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 4R3; 1Q2S2B; 1KS1Prr; 3R4; 4k3; 3Pp2; 3B1PP1; b7.]

White to play, and mate in two moves.



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